Saturday Review

OCTOBER 29, 1960 / 25¢

VICE PRESIDENT RICHARD M. NIXON AND SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY RESPOND TO SR's TEN-PART QUESTIONNAIRE

THE CANDIDATES AND THE ARTS

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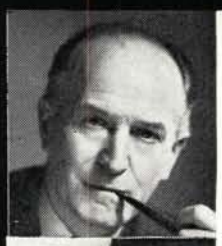

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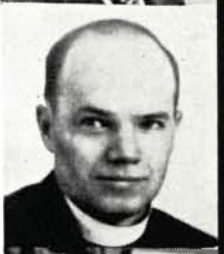

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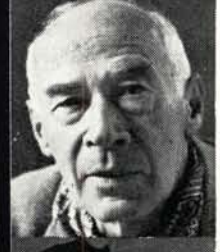

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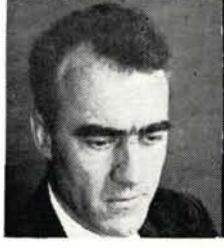

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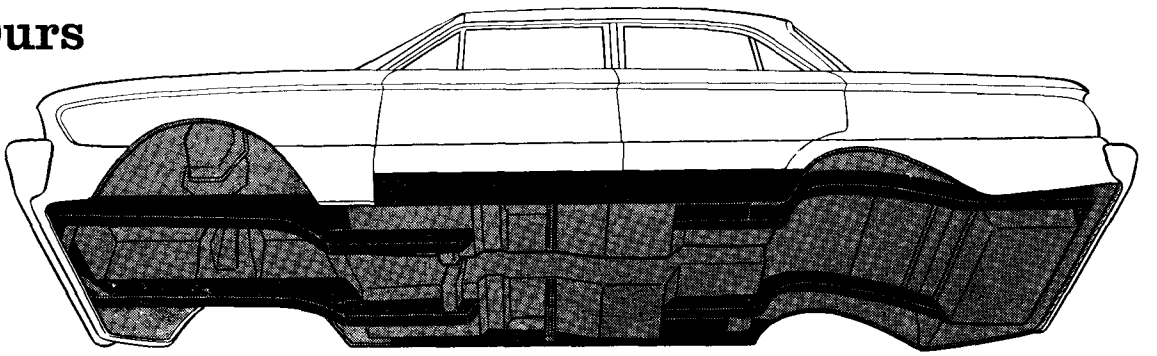

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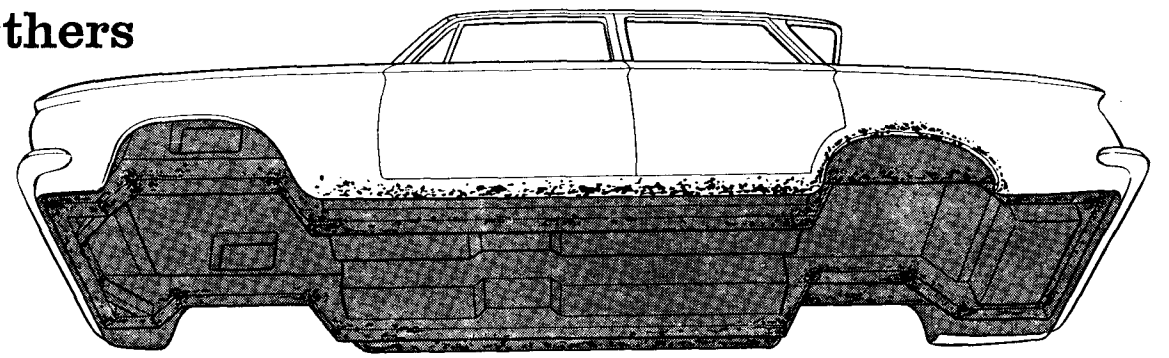

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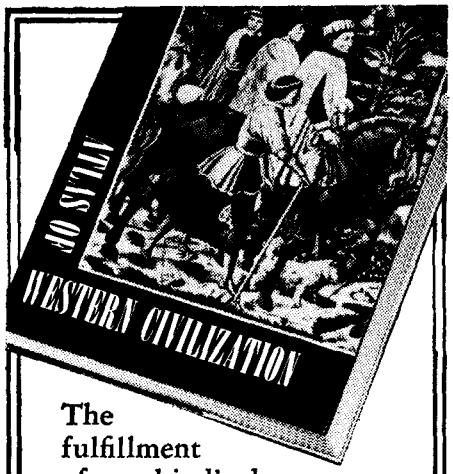

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TRADE Winds

IN HIS SLAPSTICK NOVEL about decadent Rome, "Wine, Women and Woad" (Macmillan), Ed Fisher has a character named Eccehomo Blastula, chairman of the Un-Roman Activities Committee. Senator Blastula makes a fiery speech to the Senate, during which he pulls out of his toga a list of 250 "gospel-carrying Christians, right here in our city, presently engaged in the fanatical practice of giving away their wordly goods, attempting to undermine, by vile example, the healthy

material base on which this great nation has been founded!"

Perhaps this will give you an idea of the twists and turns this satirical novel takes. In it, for example, the persecuted minority in Rome are the blond, blue-eyed, fair Anglo-Saxons, who are discriminated against and forced to pay exorbitant rents for dwellings in the slums. A high-born Roman, of course, falls in love with a beautiful girl from Briton, and prejudice is rampant. Everybody's against it; a mixed marriage—it'll never work; it will ruin his career. But it turns out happily.

Incidentally, when Senator Blastula goes after the gospel-carrying Christians, he says, "I have found them in the Army, the schools, and the Civil Service. I have found them in the Imperial Tallow Factory, spreading their propaganda—"

Someone asks, "Instead of rendering away unto Caesar?"

"IT IS ANNOUNCED: a new publishing house has been formed. It will publish books of general interest, which will be distributed nationally in association with the Viking Press."

That was a full-page ad signed by Rudo S. Globus in the book section of the Sunday *Times* last spring. It caused a lot of talk, especially by those who thought it was "arrogant" in its simplicity. Soon others came to its defense and said it showed "unselfconscious humility."

In any case, Mr. Globus is now ready to come out in January with the first of the fifteen books he will publish in 1961. It is "For the New President and the American People," by Alfred M. Landon. In his unusual catalogue, Globus describes the book as ". . . clear and direct . . . brilliant insights and long-term plans on every major problem of today and years hence are analyzed and planned for in detail. . . . Not a word of malice, not a word of despair."

This is the first book by the former Governor of Kansas who was once a Presidential candidate. Globus calls him "one of the wisest and most astute men I have known."

THE TROUBLE with all this talk about books and non-books (started by *Time*, the weekly non-magazine) is that it has everybody in the trade comparing themselves with everybody else on that peculiar level. Now if I tell you it has been interesting to see how Rudo S. Globus is running his new business, please don't think I am taking sides. Neither is Mr. Globus.

"I don't want to sound as though I'm damning the trade," he says, "but I'm offering authors something they say they don't get elsewhere. I'm not trying to correct the errors of others; I'm just doing what I want to do. I'm running a personal publishing house in every conceivable sense. There are no editors,

no contact men, no promoters—nothing. There is no book published here that I don't see and want to publish."

He's not kidding. He's also been writing the advertising copy, the catalogue copy, and the contracts. Globus tells me:

"I don't buy books; I buy authors. There are 125 books under contract now, and they have all been acquired since November, 1959. The pattern has been the same with all. There has to be some chemistry between the author and myself so we can work together and so I can perform my duties. Otherwise, I don't want him. I have read every word every one of my authors has written, in some instances high school stuff. I work hard to bring my writers up to the top of their power, and in some cases I have turned down a manu-

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

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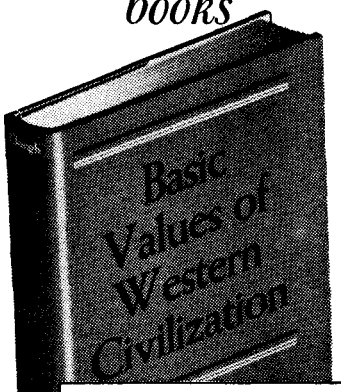

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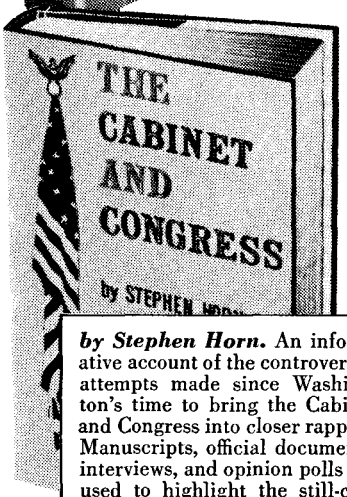

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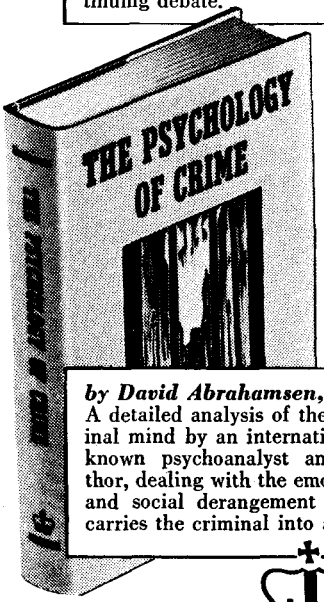

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"All this is contrary to the way most of the publishing business operates now. How many personal publishing houses are left? The ones you can think of are for sale. I'm not going to become a mass distribution organization, which is what's happening to the trade. I've got some extraordinary books and authors, and I'm going to do the best I can for them. Whether I succeed remains to be seen."

With that, Rudo S. Globus, whose entire staff consists of seven people, turned back to his fourteenth cup of coffee of the day.

THANKS TO EVERYONE for helping out the Brewers Association with its problem of dreaming up slogans for beer cans, to dissuade folks from tossing the empties where they despoil our highways, parks, and drive-in theatres. Thanks especially to Lee Simonson, Joe Rosenthal, Alfred Viebranz, Ralph Jones, Vaughn Minges, and Elizabeth Beebe. Their excellent verses and slogans were adjudged good enough to be forwarded to the Brewers and the can makers.

The grand prize winner, however, is Colonel Aaron W. Stookey of Junction City, Kansas, now stationed in Saudi Arabia where he is oil advisor to some sheik or other. He writes me that they have the same problem there. "Once," he recalls, "I traveled in the wilderness six days to an oasis that was uninhabited. There I picked up two empty beer cans."

Briefly, Colonel Stookey's solution is to make the beer containers out of some material that will disintegrate after it has been discarded. "It is also possible, in this scientific day and age, to add a fertilizing ingredient to the can, so that when it decomposes it will—instead of littering the forests and parks—make the trees and greenery grow better."

Root beer?

WHEN YOUNG BOB HOGAN was working for his Ph.D. a few years ago at Missouri, he began writing letters to Sean O'Casey, getting wonderfully witty ones in return. O'Casey gave Hogan lots of advice and recipes, such as not to spend all one's time mucking around with books, but that to be a good scholar you have to do other

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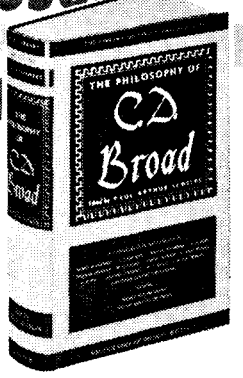

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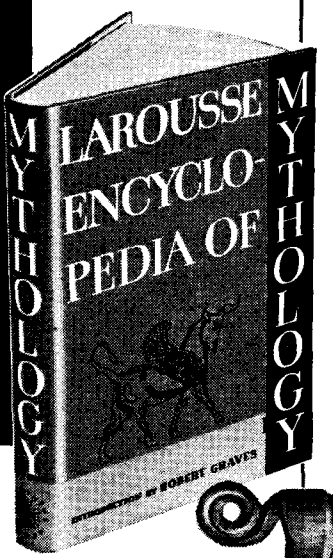

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things like changing diapers and washing dishes.

Eventually Hogan went to England and stayed with O'Casey, coming back with unpublished manuscripts and letters, and with material for his new book, "The Experiments of Sean O'Casey" (St. Martin's). Hogan also brought back the rights to perform, for the first time, "The Drums of Father Ned," the play that was commissioned in 1958 for the Dublin Drama Festival and then never put on because of opposition by the Catholic Church there. The play's world premiere was presented by the Lafayette, Indiana, Little Theater in April last year. Hogan starred and directed.

That's a far cry from the trip Hogan made six years ago. He and two others followed the directions in "Huckleberry Finn," built a raft, and tried to duplicate Huck's flight down the Mississippi.

"Mark Twain romanticized a few things," Hogan remembers. "In the first place, Huck and Jim just 'head in' when they want to go to shore to tie up for the night. Well, we found out that the wind and current won't let you do that. Sometimes we started 'heading in' and got to shore fifty miles farther down the river. Another thing, Twain never mentions the mosquitoes, and yet that's what I recall most vividly. And he has Huck lying in the rain naked because it's so warm and fine and feels so good. I tried it, and it's cold and uncomfortable."

ODDZIES: In rapping the motion picture "Spartacus," critic Bosley Crowther called it "heroic humbug" in "synthetic Rome," and remarked that Kirk Douglas has "let indiscretion be the better part of the valor. . . ."

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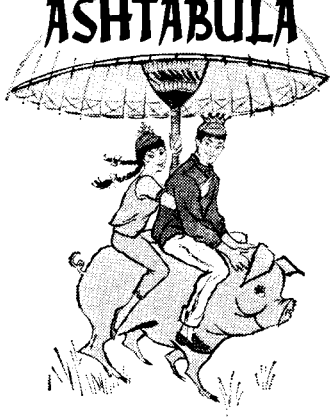

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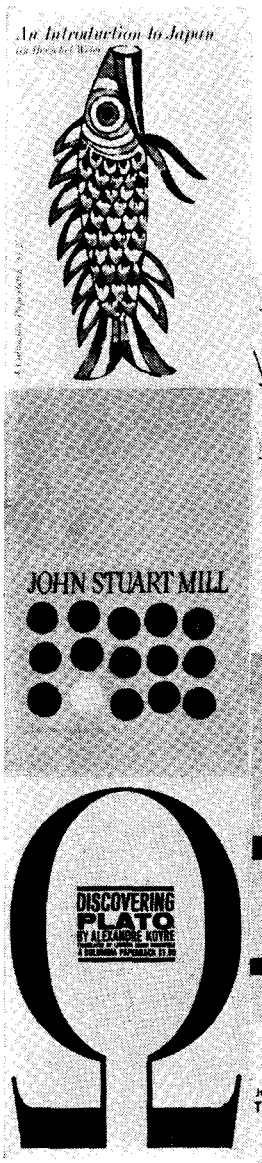

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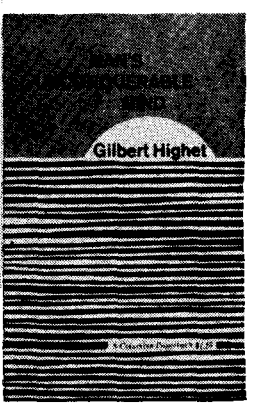

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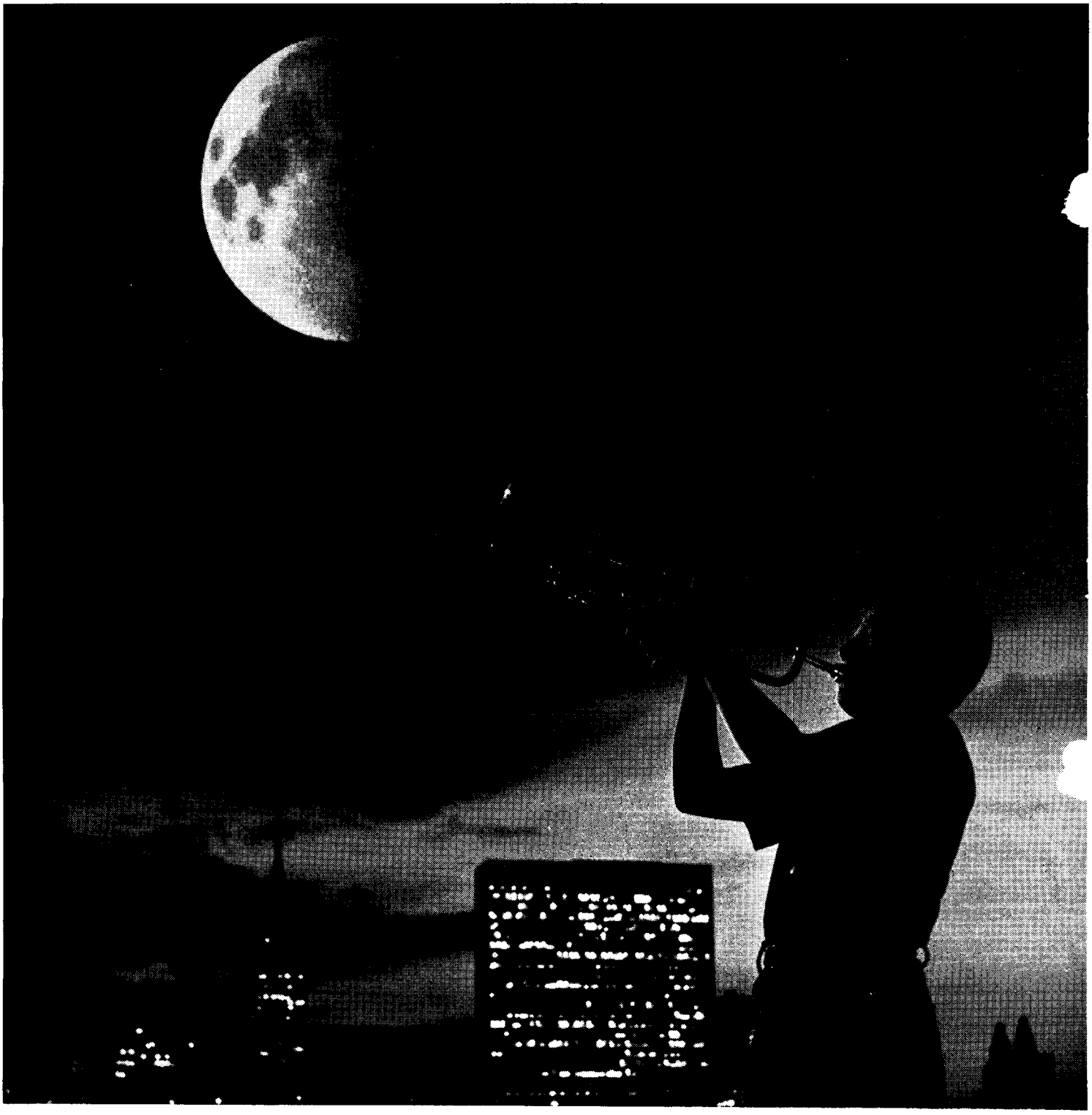

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 29, 1960

AN ENVIRONMENT FOR WRITERS

By JOHN COURNOS, *who in a long and productive literary career has written drama, biography, poetry, and novels. Now seventy-nine years old, Mr. Cournos here recalls his associations with some of the leading writers of this century.*

IN AN article I came across not long ago there appeared the assertion that the American writer today can find sufficient nourishment for his talents in his native land. The author was eager to give assurance that the creative writer need no longer yearn to spend years in Europe, that he now has in these United States all that he has ever wanted. Above all, he stresses the assumption that the literary aspirant no longer has any reason to feel isolated from his fellow writers. In confirmation of this theory he says: "If he [the author] seeks distinguished littérateurs, he has the Frosts and the Sandburgs"—seemingly oblivious of the fact that Frost, now eighty-six, lives for the most part in Vermont; Sandburg, eighty-two, in Chicago.

To such statements as these he adds the gratuitous, not to say taunting, comment: "For those who must have la vie Bohème complete with beard, corduroy trousers, and sandals, there are San Francisco, Chicago, and Greenwich Village." Precisely. For you will not find them in London or Paris. During many years in London, Paris, and Florence, I very rarely encountered the type here described. I can only conclude that the writer must have seen the Metropolitan Opera version of "La Bohème" once too often.

Furthermore, it is a matter of record that a great many observers have been convinced that the American writer is, in a real sense, isolated in his native home. In 1935, for example, on the publication of my "Autobiography," I received two letters, one from Van Wyck Brooks, the other from Sherwood Anderson, voicing agreement on the loneliness of the American writer at home. "I wish," wrote Brooks, "that we could have in America the guild-life that writers have in England. . . . Our difficulties of living are too great, not the financial difficulties, but the distances, the warring traditions, etc." Anderson was even more emphatic: "How many times in the past years has the thought come to me that we Americans were perhaps the loneliest people in the world. It is so difficult for us to express, or perhaps even to let ourselves feel real love for another man, another workman. . . ."

I had a good job in Philadelphia as assistant Sunday editor of the *Record* when in 1912 I, thirty-one years old and a person of no consequence, left for London, to the dismay of my colleagues. My reason for going was a curious one. Having conceived a passion for the English language, of which I had not known a word until I was ten, and aware that I owed something to myself after a schooling which ended at twelve, I had made up my mind to go to England to derive what I could of the nature of English on the soil that gave it sap.

The fates were kind to me. Starting in Naples and making my way northward, I stopped in Paris to interview Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, the then famous revolutionary in the theatre. Craig and I became friends and, on his coming to London, he made me a member of the Committee of the School of the Theatre. It was at the committee's first meeting in John Street that I met Ezra Pound, Ralph Hodgson, Holbrook Jackson, Haldane McFall, and a host of other literary worthies. Pound, Hodgson, and I promptly repaired to the Coal Hole, a basement pub on the Strand, where we had fine talk. Through Pound I met W. B. Yeats, of whose little place over a cobbler's shop in Bloomsbury I became a regular frequenter. Yeats talked in beautiful cadences; the conversation varied from matters literary to psychic phenomena, with occasional departures into chit-chat. For the most part, however, the talk was on a lofty plane. Usually I sat in silence and listened.

Through Pound, too, I met Richard Aldington, H. D., and John Gould Fletcher, who was to become one of my best friends. Most of us, too, at one time or another, met at Mrs. Kibble-white's in Frith Street, Soho. Here T. E. Hulme lived and held forth. Among the visitors were the Aldingtons and other writers.

In 1914 Pound married. I moved into his room in Church Walk. The Pounds lived just around the corner, a landing separating their flat from the Aldington flat. Not many yards distant was the house of Aldington's mother-in-law, the lovely and gracious Mrs. Olivia Shakespear, who figures prominently in Yeats's correspondence. And a five-minute walk brought me to the house occupied by Ford Madox Hueffer (later Ford) and Violet Hunt, whom in other days John Ruskin had escorted in Kensington Gardens.

A UNIQUE kind of stimulation was furnished to the mind and spirit of those who moved in this close but not closed community, accessible to any newcomer who had it in him to appreciate what it offered. There were no formal meetings, but rather an exchange of calls at odd times, sometimes at teatime (which really meant tea, not cocktails), or by appointment in Soho restaurants, where common interests were discussed. We were not a mutual admiration society. We were glad to praise, but never reluctant to criticize.

The evidence I am offering is meant to show what group association can mean to writers. In our country, the first great literature was produced by a group of New Englanders whose names are too well known to require recapitulation. It is true that Walt Whitman alone stood apart from this group; but he was as exceptional on

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the literary landscape as Lincoln was on the political. The cohesion of groups had prevailed in Greece; from the time of Shakespeare there was a succession of groups in England, as also in France. I remember Yeats, after a return from an American lecture tour, saying that the American literary scene was shifting to Chicago. Doubtless he referred to the activity of the group that included Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and others, who then dominated the American scene. There was the inevitable action and reaction in the association, however different in content and treatment the individual art forms were. Wherever and whenever men meet, counterinfluences are inevitable.

THE isolation the young American writer suffers in a country large enough to deny him the company he should have for development is a dangerous thing. He should by all means disregard possibly friendly but mistaken advice and go to Paris or London, indeed anywhere that he can meet others and measure his strength against theirs. For what was true a generation ago seems to me even truer today. Indeed, my observations suggest that the isolation of the American writer may be even greater now than at any other time.

Here is the paradox: The American will find a host of fellow Americans he has never been able to meet at home. Almost all the distinguished Americans I have ever known I met abroad and saw very little of on returning to my country. Not only that; in London especially, these meetings were by no means cursory. They were frequent, and a rich source of worth-while friendships. It was thus I made the acquaintance of Robert Frost on the eve of his departure for America in 1915. It was in London that I heard Vachel Lindsay give a characteristic reading of his poems in Caxton Hall, the same hall in which I had once seen in a front seat the big bald dome of Henry James as he listened to a rather banal lecture in English on Shakespeare by the famous Danish critic Georg Brandes. It was in London that I first met Van Wyck Brooks, Conrad Aiken, H. L. Mencken, Paul Rosenfeld, and Sherwood Anderson.

I am aware that I have laid myself open to the charge of unfairness by citing my own experience, not to be duplicated by another writer. I must admit I was in luck to find integration in an alien literary community. Yet was it all luck? Did not, in some measure, my own craving for knowledge play some part in the acceptance? Whatever the case, I nevertheless maintain that places with historic and literary associations have inevitably created an atmosphere conducive to creative activity, and have provided a ready stimulus for a newcomer with imagination. Imagination cannot be taught, but it may be stimulated by an atmosphere friendly to creation. It is as necessary to a writer as sun and rain to a tree. It is of paramount importance that a writer be provided with the assurance that his is a trade well worth while and worth every effort he can give to it; that, in fact, it is something in the nature of a dedication beyond any thought of gain save for such gain as must inevitably accrue, if he sticks to his guns, to the expression of truth in a form at once adequate and enduring.

Almost at every step in London or Paris a writer is reminded that he belongs to an estate held in high regard. When I lived on Doughty Street, I could not take a walk without encountering a tablet at No. 14 telling that here Sidney Smith lived and wrote, and a tablet at No. 48 telling that here for a space lived Charles Dickens and recalling the fact that it was here that he worked on "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby": reminders that I had to try to live up to something. When I lived in Hampstead I often passed the pond in which Shelley sailed his toy sailboat. And just around the corner was a short street called Keats Grove, where one could see the house in whose garden Keats wrote his "Ode to the Nightingale." Up the hill, in the direction of Spaniards' Road, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, and John Masefield lived and wrote. During the First World War the Aldingtons moved to Hampstead, and just below, in the Vale of Health, D. H. Lawrence and his wife occupied a small house. There was something intangible but nevertheless important in the knowledge that other men were at work at their craft nearby.

IN Greenwich Village, where I now live, I happen to know that Henry James was born on the street I can see from my window. The knowledge is salutary. And just a short block or two away, on West Third Street, Edgar Allan Poe wrote "The Bells," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "Ligeia"; at 13 Carmine Street he wrote his "Narrative of Gordon Pym." Who knows it? Who cares? At 49 East Ninth Street O. Henry wrote some of his best stories, including "The Skylight Room," set in the very room he occupied. The House of Genius, once occupied by so many writers, made way for a university building. This house sheltered many well-known writers. Frank Norris wrote here "The Pit" and "The Octopus." Dreiser was at one time one of its inmates. O. Henry immortalized it in his story "House of Mystery." James Fenimore Cooper lived in Bleecker Street in 1833. Other literary celebrities who once resided in the Village are Washington Irving, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, John Masefield, Richard Harding Davis, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Alan Seeger, Willa Cather.

THERE is a tendency to deride tradition, continuity. Yet, as Gordon Craig once said to me: "Strength is at the source!" We have much to learn from early culture. I recall a remark W. B. Yeats once made in one of his conversations in his little flat in Bloomsbury. Said he: "If a writer sets out to copy something remote in space or time he will produce something quite different, something native to his own time, place, and temperament!" Recall also Kipling's: "And what should they know of England who only England know?" Might not this question apply with equal force to Americans in relation to their country? The American may or may not return a better American; he will surely return a wiser man. In any event, the experience should add to the scope of his vision, to the enlargement of the play of his mind, so essential to a writer. Above all, he may learn that there is a dignity to his calling which, while making a demand on his creative strength, will also prove a source of satisfaction and pride. There is no easy road to high literary quality. Has anyone ever pondered on the experience and even suffering that must have gone into the brief but magnificent sentence with which Melville begins his masterpiece? "Call me Ishmael."

Influences are often a matter of chain reaction, but what I have been describing belongs to the category of network reaction, that of a criss-cross pattern, cultural in effect, potent atmospherically, performing its useful purpose, as it were, by indirection. Each one of us has his individual goal, but there is stimulation in the company of one's fellows. For me there were useful correctives in the accessibility of minds such as of those of Yeats, Pound, and Ford Madox Ford, who were endowed with a kind of critical-editorial sense that was of great value to a newcomer. Almost at my first meeting with Ford, he enunciated the doctrine: "You should write as you talk!" This may be a cliché today, but in 1912, the year of the meeting, it expressed a reaction from the Yellow Nineties and the ornate prose of Pater's day. To this remark I responded rather flippantly: "Why don't you tell that to your friend Henry

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James?" He laughed: "But that's precisely how he talks—that is, more or less!"

As in England, there also existed in Italy, the land which had given birth to Humanism, a profound respect for the man who wrote. I remember running into D. H. Lawrence in a train between Assisi and Perugia, and we met later in Florence. In the course of my talks with him and Norman Douglas I learned that they, even as I, patronized the genial Doctor Giglioli, who refused to charge a fee to any of us for his services, insisting only that each of us send him an autographed copy of the next book. I remember, too, once crossing the frontier from Switzerland into France by way of Pontarlier, and the customs official simply refusing to go through my bag on realizing that I was the *ecrivain* of the book lying on top. An author cannot help noting the deference paid him in Europe, and denied him here.

THIS brings me back to the American scene. During the Depression I applied for a Guggenheim Fellowship, naming as my sponsors W. B. Yeats (then already a Nobel Prize-winner), who not only cabled but also wrote; T. S. Eliot; Sherwood Anderson; and William Lyon Phelps. To my amazement, my project was rejected. Looking backward, I do not mind that; but I still cannot forget the slap in the face offered to these distinguished men.

Institutional grants, of which there are so many, some of them substantial, have contributed little to literary creativeness, though they have been very useful to scholars. The reason is simple: The scholar can easily outline his project, his precise need for research; the purely creative writer—the poet, the novelist, the beginning playwright—only rarely has such need. He must dig things out of himself; as often as not, the mere concept in his mind has to go through a gestating process. No more than an expectant mother can tell the sex of her child or the color of its eyes and hair can the writer tell how his conceived work will develop. But if he is a writer worth his salt he can count on the combination of his character and talents to produce an offspring he need not be ashamed of. The demand for a statement of the precise nature of his "project" is unreasonable. Moreover, if he is impatient to get to work while the idea is "hot" he cannot afford to wait for a hypothetical grant dependent upon the decision of a committee that sits four months hence.

I don't know what the situation is today, but in the past the British Government awarded both Joseph Conrad and W. B. Yeats annual pensions of 150 pounds, by no means a negligible sum before the First World War. Our own government could do worse than establish similar pensions. I understand that Conrad and Yeats surrendered their pensions once they were able to get on their own feet. Today most publishers have a way of picking geniuses off every bush, but it takes time to build up a real reputation that will endure. Publishers, it has been claimed, publish to supply a demand. Is it not also true, however, that publishers create the demand by publishing just such books as they publish? There used to be a time when publishers did a certain amount of prestige publishing. When my London publishers, Methuen & Company, printed my first novel they frankly admitted that "Tarzan of the Apes" was paying for it, though they hoped to recoup on my future work. However, in the lines of Charles Godfrey Leland:

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now?

What choice has the young writer other than to add another sex thriller to a market already surfeited with that increasingly dubious article? Are we then in a stage of decadence like that portrayed in the "Satyricon" of Petronius, symptomatic of a great nation's decline? I do not believe so. It is something foisted on us by those who derive a profit from it. I believe our America is teeming with talents worthy of a great country, but who have no way to resist the prevailing criteria of success. In truth, the assembly line is the guillotine of new creative literature. "Man is but a dwarf of himself!" was one of Emerson's profoundest sayings. To maintain man in his dwarfdom seems to have developed into one of America's big industries.

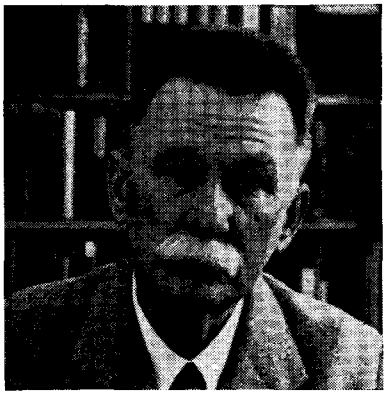
It seems to me important that someone speak to the adventuring young who still think of literature in terms of Whitman and Melville, before they arrive at the perhaps inevitable conclusion that they are in fact Ishmaels.

Yes, let us remember Ishmael, escaping on an upturned coffin, watching the Indian Tashtego nailing fast the flag to the rapidly vanishing topmost spar of the *Pequod*. Here we have the noblest, most transcendent passage in American literature, indeed as noble a passage as is to be found in any literature, past or present, symbolizing the undying quest of man and his audacious challenge to the fates.

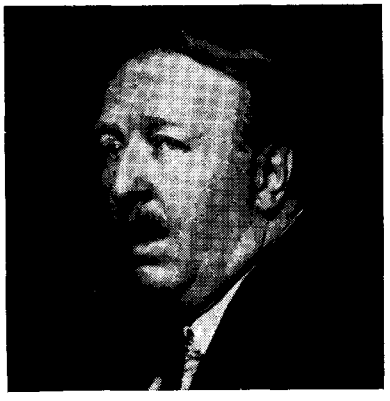
I hear the protest: "But there is the poet Frost!" Undeniably. Yet I also hear the droll waggish fellow, who whispers roguishly in my ear:

"But one Frost doesn't make a winter!"

Sherwood Anderson — "Americans are perhaps the loneliest people. . . ."



Van Wyck Brooks — "Our difficulties of living are too great."



Ford Madox Ford — "You should write as you talk."

Robert Frost — In Europe, an encounter with a countryman.

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Recluse and Rebel

By Granville Hicks

THIS is a good season for admirers of Emily Dickinson. A little while ago Charles B. Anderson published **"Emily Dickinson's Poetry: Stairway to Surprise"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95), the best study we have had of Miss Dickinson as a poet. Next week comes **"The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson"** (Little, Brown, $10), a handsomely printed volume that is the work of Thomas H. Johnson, who published a three-volume variorum edition five years ago and who has also written a biography of Miss Dickinson and edited her letters. And Jay Leyda has at last completed **"The Years and Hours of Emily Dickinson"** (Yale University Press, 2 vols., $25).

Although I am glad to call attention to other works, I am limiting myself here to Leyda's massive achievement. Readers of "The Melville Log" will not be surprised at the diligence with which Leyda has conducted his investigations. He has examined approximately 100 collections of letters and documents, many of them extensive. He has gone through the files of a dozen newspapers, has studied census records, court records, the account books of apothecaries and grocers, and has of course read everything about Miss Dickinson that has appeared in books and magazines. All his findings he has arranged in chronological order, from the engagement of Miss Dickinson's parents in 1828 to her death in 1886.

The book, Leyda says, "has been compiled in the conviction that what is presently most needed in the study of the life and works of this enigmatic poet, who has been the subject of so much distorting gossip and legend, is the most factual treatment possible. . . . The tiniest scrap of biographical fact might be the very detail needed to help grasp a cluster of associations, the missing piece in the puzzle that makes plain a series of relationships in the life that in turn reveals a major theme or continuity in the poems."

I do not see the relevance of every single entry Leyda has made, but the significance of most of the material is unmistakable. What impresses me first of all is the insight the book gives into the life of Amherst, Massachusetts, in the years when Emily Dickinson was growing up. Here was a tight little community, dominated even at this late date by a rigid Calvinism. Most people went to church three times each Sunday, and in between many of them spent time worrying about the state of their souls. There was some scandal and some skepticism, to be sure, and there was considerable gaiety of a well-behaved sort, but for most people most of the time life was a serious matter and heaven a subject of frequent thought.

In such an environment there was nothing whimsical or light-hearted about Emily Dickinson's refusal to commit herself to orthodoxy. During her short stay at Mount Holyoke Seminary, as it was then called, she was subject to pressures of a kind it is now hard to imagine. One of Leyda's happy finds is a journal written by various persons at the seminary and sent to alumnae in the missionary field—a record of the most extraordinary evangelical zeal. Mary Lyon, the school's founder, held frequent sessions for those, Emily included, who had not "given up to the claims of Christ," and Emily's classmates commented with concern on her obduracy.

Emily Dickinson as a young girl.

Amherst was a pious town, dominated by a few men, of whom Emily's father, Edward Dickinson, was easily first. He was a successful and influential lawyer, treasurer of Amherst College, a member of the state legislature and, for one term, of the Congress. He was also active in the militia, the fire company, the temperance society (though not a teetotaler), the agricultural society, and much else. He had the habit of domination, and though he felt a great affection towards his three children, they were often ill at ease in his presence. Emily notes that her father was full of praise for her brother Austin when the latter was away from home, whereas under the same roof they constantly quarreled. Of her own hostility towards her father some biographers have made too much, but the evidences of tension are strong.

Leyda also documents the record of Emily's friendships. There were the friends of her girlhood in whom she confided—Abiah Root, for example, and Susan Gilbert, who later married Austin Dickinson and became one of Emily's mainstays. There were the three men of the world she looked up to—Samuel Bowles, Josiah Gilbert Holland, and especially Thomas Wentworth Higginson. There were the men—Benjamin Franklin Newton, George Gould, Charles Wadsworth—who have figured in romantic stories told about her. And there were countless relatives and neighbors of whom she saw much in the early years and with whom she corresponded all her life.

Leyda says, "Actually, she was no more and no less alone than many another artist, no more and no less isolated, or insulated, from the world." On the surface this is not true: for the last twenty years of her life she refused to see even close friends, persons to whom she was writing in the most affectionate terms. On the other hand, as Leyda shows, she did maintain contact with a large number of individuals. She was a recluse but not at all a misanthrope. In the later years ill health encouraged the habit of solitude, but to the end there is a great warmth in the notes to men and women she had not seen for years—or perhaps had never seen.

Her poetry was the product of a variety of tensions—religious, sexual, domestic, literary. In her letters as well as in her poems one sees the growth, at first slow and then rapid, of her characteristic style. Playful and even coy at the outset, she became as intense and powerful a poet as we have ever had. As Professor Anderson notes, much of her work (there are 1,775 poems in the Johnson volume)—falls short of the highest distinction, but there is a body of poetry that deserves to be called great. How greatness was achieved remains, as always, a miracle, but Leyda throws more than a little light on the process.

It should be added that the Leyda volumes have a fascination that is independent of their success in illuminating the personality and the poetry of Emily Dickinson. Here is an account of New England life in the mid-nineteenth century that is unparalleled in its minuteness and variety. Many stories unfold that might tempt a novelist or dramatist, but the romances and the scandals and the political struggles are in the end less impressive than the simple movement of life from day to day. The work, which is a marvel of industry and resourcefulness, would be of absorbing interest and high value even if it did not have a woman of genius as its central figure.

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Both Sides of the Political Coin

When historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., was first approached by his publisher to write ***"Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?"*** *(Macmillan. 51 pp. Paperback, $1.95), he said no. It took the plea of a prominent Democrat to persuade him. Once committed to the task, Schlesinger produced his manuscript in less than two weeks, and three weeks later a printing of 35,000 copies was run off. The pamphlet is debated below by William Attwood and Victor Lasky. During August and September Mr. Attwood, foreign editor of Look magazine, was on Senator Kennedy's Washington staff; at present he is campaign aide to Adlai Stevenson. Mr. Lasky, an author and journalist, has observed the Washington scene closely for a number of years.*

1. *Democrat's View*

By WILLIAM ATTWOOD

SOME of Adlai Stevenson's devoted followers (I have heard them called "cultists") appear surprised to see him campaigning so strenuously for Jack Kennedy. As a Democrat, Stevenson was expected to lend a hand; but his speaking schedule this fall would be grueling even for a candidate. For a man who has not even been promised a job, it strikes the cultists as immoderate. Stevenson had no answer for them a couple of weeks ago. "This election," he told a breakfast meeting in Seattle, "is the most important I have ever been involved in."

The reasons for Stevenson feeling as he does are eloquently summed up in Arthur Schlesinger's fifty-one-page book. It is a frankly partisan work. I doubt if it will convert any convinced Republicans; indeed, their convictions may be hardened by Schlesinger's prediction that, under Kennedy, "affirmative government" will "advance the public interest."

And these Republicans—here described as "fogies, old and young"—are not likely to take kindly to Schlesinger's often subjective appraisal of their candidate in the language of Riesman ("an other-directed man") and Saroyan ("No foundation all the way down the line.")

Yet this book will be welcomed by all of us who have taken leave of jobs and families—to say nothing of sociable evenings and football weekends—to work for Kennedy's election this fall. It will save us tedious explanations to lukewarm Democrats whose hearts belong to Adlai; to independents who see no difference between Jack and Dick; to free-thinking Republicans who conclude that, all else being equal, Nixon does have the edge in experience and maturity.

For here are all the reasons why we agree with Stevenson that this is an all-important election. Here, in one explosive essay, are the things that trouble us about Nixon and the things we like about Kennedy. A reviewer has called it "savagely brilliant." I would call it harsh and perceptive. Schlesinger's indictment of Nixon is neither savage nor terribly original: but it is deeply felt and well documented. He concedes that Nixon is "not a bad man" and that he would make a better President than, say, Goldwater or Knowland. His point is that Nixon is "a strangely hollow man" who is more concerned with tactics than with principles or goals.

It is this quality that bothers so many of us who care about the sort of man who will occupy the Presidency. Nixon's concern with his political "image" and his passion to win have led him—perhaps unconsciously—to say and do things that many of us can neither forget nor forgive.

We Democrats cannot forget that he has publicly and falsely imputed not only stupidity (which is pardonable in politics) but disloyalty (which is unpardonable) to such leaders of our party as Truman, Stevenson, Harriman, and Acheson. Nixon would like us to forget. Last month, probably too late for inclusion in this book, he made this statement: "I have never indulged in personalities in a campaign."

Nixon's preoccupation with tactical expediency has also led him into taking clearly contradictory positions on ma-

(*Continued on page* 34)

2. *Republican Viewpoint*

By VICTOR LASKY

LET'S BE blunt about this. Arthur Schlesinger must have taken leave of his historical senses in producing a booklet so devoid of scholarship, so replete with pseudo-psychoanalytic hokum, and so lacking—even for campaign propaganda—in taste.

Yet, curiously, this is an important document. It demonstrates a type of liberalism which, in the name of realism, has discarded principle to adopt the stance of the Tammany politician to whom nothing matters but victory. Its importance, therefore, lies more in what it tells us about the author, Senator Kennedy's intellectual Gauleiter, than about either of the two candidates.

For perspective's sake, let us recall Schlesinger's historic words in Harvard Yard last March when James Reston came inquiring as to why so many Cambridge intellectuals had suddenly decided that Adlai Stevenson would make a fine Secretary of State. "I guess I'm nostalgically for Stevenson, ideologically for Humphrey, and realistically for Kennedy," said Schlesinger, adding he would work gladly for "any two-legged liberal mammal who might beat Nixon."

And there you have it: the liberal demonologists are now seeking to exorcise the very evil spirits they have themselves unloosed. The liberals—or some of them—have come to believe their own myths about Vice President Nixon.

Many of these myths are contained in this slim volume, whose primary aim, however, is to combat the widespread belief that Nixon and Kennedy are both pretty much alike. Schlesinger says this isn't true. And he is absolutely right—but for the wrong reasons.

According to Schlesinger, Nixon is

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"corny," "has no philosophy," "is not on record as a great reader," and delivers "jejune and boring" speeches. Kennedy, of course, is "non-corny," has "read a good deal about poverty," "cares about issues," "has a sense of history," and is "sharp, analytical, practical and unfettered."

In short, Kennedy is the "good guy" while Nixon is the "bad guy." When Kennedy changes his mind, it's because he's growing in wisdom. But when Nixon changes his mind, it's because he's unprincipled.

And that's the kind of offering that has just come from a distinguished Harvard professor of history and a winner of the Pulitzer, Francis Parkman, and Bancroft Prizes in history.

Though he purports to present "hard and verifiable facts" plus "reasoned analysis," roughly two-thirds of his book is devoted to the candidates' personalities. And in so far as Schlesinger inquires into the inner life of Senator Kennedy one perhaps cannot object too strongly. The two men have been friends for twenty years.

Even so, he makes sweeping assertions without indicating the evidence. Upon what, for example, does he base his revelation about the Senator's "private crisis of identity"? The crisis, says Schlesinger, was accelerated by Kennedy's near-fatal illness in 1955. "From the moment he was sure to live, ambition, I imagine, took over from enjoyment, and he decided that he could be President of the United States." (When it comes to Nixon, "ambition" of course is a crime.)

THE burden of much of the book is that Kennedy—unlike Nixon—is committed to a body of more or less coherent doctrine and that the reason can be found in the psyches of the two men. To say the least, the author's point would have been considerably strengthened had he given some evidence—however subjective—in support of his claim that some time after the bad old days of Kennedy's "McCarthyism" and "Bensonism" the Senator saw a white light on the road to Damascus.

For, if anything, Senator Kennedy was a practising McCarthyite long before Joe McCarthy established his own practice. He was an isolationist, bitterly opposed to foreign aid. "We cannot reform the world," Kennedy once said. "The thirty billions of dollars we are spending in Europe have yet to prove that they have made for self-reliance in that area; but whatever is true there, to repeat such a procedure in Asia or the South Pacific is impossible."

In 1949 Kennedy pinned the blame for the Red takeover of China "squarely on the White House and the State Department." He demanded that the Truman Administration "search out and spotlight" those responsible.

In 1950 Kennedy told a Harvard seminar (according to *The New Republic* that "he personally was very happy that Helen Gahagan Douglas had just been defeated in California by Richard Nixon," adding that Mrs. Douglas was "not the sort of person I like working with on committees."

And, campaigning against Henry Cabot Lodge in 1952, Kennedy bore down heavily on the soft-on-Communism theme. He released a forty-page study of Lodge's views which charged his opponent with "straddling on the big issue of the guilt or innocence of Owen Lattimore, John Service, and Philip Jessup. . . ."

In 1953, Kennedy declared: "I'm not a liberal at all. I never joined the Americans for Democratic Action or the American Veterans Committee. I'm not comfortable with those people."

Of course, Kennedy is entitled to change his views. But surely Schlesinger has the obligation to tell us why.

And what of Kennedy's lackluster record in Washington? Isn't it of any importance that in his fourteen years in the Congress Jack Kennedy has failed to sire a single piece of significant legislation? What of his absentee record, one of the worst on the Hill? And what of his ruthlessness towards Senator Humphrey during last spring's primaries?

Schlesinger says little about Kennedy's involvement with "McCarthyism" and of the Senator's almost arrogant refusal to come clean on this issue. Only after considerable prodding did Kennedy grudgingly announce that he would have voted to censure Joe McCarthy not because of anything McCarthy had done but for what Roy Cohn had done.

Not that "McCarthyism" is an issue in this campaign. But certainly worth considering is what Kennedy's conduct in relation to "McCarthyism" demonstrates about his character, integrity, responsiveness, and, as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt once put it, his "conviction."

Schlesinger does concede that Kennedy's "record on McCarthy . . . seemed to me discreditable." But he pleads for tolerance by observing that "very few Senators . . . spoke up against McCarthy in 1950-53."

Nevertheless Kennedy is the Senator who is running for President. And he's the one who wrote that book about political courage.

If there is something to be said for Schlesinger's analysis of Kennedy's inner life, there is virtually none for his like analysis of Dick Nixon, whom he does not know.

For example, Schlesinger says that Nixon's "stream of consciousness is obviously dominated, not by any concern for issues—no public question receives anywhere near so minute and comprehensive an analysis as do his own acts—but by the manipulation of his own public 'image'; not by content, but by appearance; least of all by a sense of humor."

And what is his authority for these pseudo-psychoanalytic observations? One is an extract from Earl Mazo's biography, the burden of which is that Nixon once said that he carefully studies the people he meets and gives heed to what kind of lasting impression he will leave with them. The other is a remark made to another biographer, Ralph de Toledano, that a politician should not lose his temper unless he does so deliberately. Surely there is nothing startling in these revelations and nothing whatever to warrant Schlesinger's comments on the Vice President's "stream of consciousness."

(Using this pseudo - psychoanalytic technique, one could, by quoting Schlesinger on the Senator's "private crisis of identity", suggest the possibility that Kennedy is seeking the Presidency as a form of mental therapy.)

BUT a more shocking example of the Schlesinger technique is this: having posited that the Vice President is "the 'other directed' man in politics," he then defines this term borrowed from David Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd." In so doing he purports to analyze Nixon:

> The "other directed" man has no inner ideals to violate. His moral life comes, not from interior conviction and purpose, but from the effort to be in harmony with the crowd.

This extraordinary statement comes close to alleging that Nixon has no moral integrity. What is Schlesinger's authority for so serious a charge? The answer is that he cites none at all.

Other aspects of the Schlesinger analysis of the Vice President's personality really hit below the belt. His slurs on Nixon's frequent references to his wife are captious and petty. The allegation that Nixon "has no taste" is unworthy and frivolous.

But, typically, Schlesinger fails to describe the "taste"—or lack of it—involved in what has become the biggest joke of the campaign: Kennedy's use of his mother, brothers, sisters, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, uncles, aunts, cousins for electioneering purposes—and all this while his father, former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, is forced to remain in hiding lest the electorate be reminded of certain controversial events.

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The Church Views the Nation

By D. W. BROGAN, *author of "America in the Modern World."*

IN THESE last pre-election days **"We Hold These Truths: Catholic Reflections on the American Proposition"** (Sheed & Ward, $5) has a high topical significance. For recently it has been all too evident not only that "religion" (in the sense of all charitableness) has been playing a big part, but that the Catholic-Protestant dialogue has been impeded by biases, preconceptions, and deafness on both sides. The deafness seems to me mostly on the Protestant side, for if the Catholics don't do enough to understand their opponents (perhaps the word begs a question), they do more than the Protestants do to understand the other side and to understand "the American proposition" in seriously thoughtful terms. However, beyond its topicality, Father Murray's book will, I am sure, survive this particular controversy—which is only one act of a drama far from concluded. For the author has defined, asked, and answered questions of the highest relevance to the American situation, the Western situation, the Christian situation. His book will stir controversy (it is meant to); better, it will stir thought, provoke reflection—activities not really popular in the United States in this dangerous hour.

As it happened, provoked by the dialogue between Senator Kennedy and the keepers of the Southern evangelical conscience, I had reread Newman's "Apologia." I remembered what Matthew Arnold had written about it when it was coming out in serial form, his stress on Newman's urbanity. Father Murray is highly urbane. Occasionally one may suspect a little rise of irritation at so much public confusion in the American public mind but the irritation is suppressed and Father Murray goes on his exact, definition-making, question-asking but not question-begging way. It is a pleasure to see so acute a mind at work and at work in a field in which "sincerity," passion, and dangerously misleading historical shorthand do duty (on both sides of the fence) for argument.

On both sides of the fence? Must there be two sides; isn't there a common "Americanism," a banner to which all good men can repair? Father Murray is no enemy of discussion, of confrontation, but he is an enemy of what Newman called "liberalism," of the dislike of dogma, of the exaltation of feeling, of "sincerity," over thought and consistency. He is an enemy above all, of the common American belief that all right-minded men believe much the same thing. Put crudely (by me not by Father Murray) this view asserts that of course Protestants believe "more" than Jews, Catholics "more" than Protestants but does this matter very much since they all believe in the important things: "God," democracy, Americanism, kindness, etc.?

Father Murray does not in the least deny that the three major religious groups in America have much in common. They are, after all, genetically connected. But their relation to each other is analogous, and there is no use in pretending that a well-informed Catholic does not see the problem of the church, the state, the world, and of salvation in terms that baffle and offend the friendly "liberal." If only for stating the necessity for this disagreement, Father Murray has performed a public service. With one minor criticism—the excessive use of unexplained Latin terms—this is a masterpiece of candid and lucid exposition, giving away nothing for the sake of meaningless "agreement." Moreover, it is marked not only by lucidity and urbanity but by what is more important and more necessary, charity. And Father Murray has not only a gift for exposition; he has a gift for concrete political discussion. His analysis of American defense policy can be commended to the new President, whoever he may be.

This is a close-packed book and every chapter would justify a dissertation. For this reason I have chosen to dwell on two of Father Murray's theses, not because I think them wrong or unimportant but because they are of particular interest to readers of a journal like this. Father Murray discusses with frankness and courage the vexed question of censorship. He takes a pessimistic view of what law can do to improve morals and is rightly afraid of the doctrine that holds that all that is sinful ought to be unlawful. (The frightening converse is that what is not illegal is not sinful.) He is aware that Catholic pressure groups seizing "girly" magazines, banning Bardot, fuming over "Lady Chatterley" do morals no good and Catholicism harm. He insists, I think rightly, that there is a deliberate exploitation of crude sexual narrative and that no great artists have found it necessary to indulge in this profitable but often ignominious device. But I think that he underestimates the ignorance of the traditional New Testament doctrine of lust as being sinful whether followed by copulation or not. Smut is bad because it leads to rape.

"No girl was ever ruined by a book," said the Honorable James J. Walker. If there is a case for censorship (and where sadism is concerned Father Murray has almost converted me to the view that there is), its Christian grounds are not to be strengthened or weakened by statistics of rape or adultery. On the other side, many enemies of censorship are not candid, for they plead for the liberty of "art" when their real case is that sexual sin, especially mental sin, is nobody's business but the sinner's. Most censors are fools; most prosecutions are, prudentially speaking, folly—even for or especially for the Christian. But more explicitness on one side and candor on the other would help. Father Murray comes to "liberal" conclusions from a nonliberal premise. His argument is forthright. I wish it had been fuller.

And, secondly, I think Father Murray underestimates, in his rationalistic way, the irrational Protestantism of America. With the increased numbers, education, and influence of the Catholics and Jews, the case for pluralism, for a modification of the predominant Protestant tradition is a powerful one, cogently and subtly argued here. But I doubt if argument is going to matter much. For it is a belief of mine, reinforced by my last few months in the States, that the real religion of the

(*Continued on page* 33)

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FICTION

Everyman and Everywoman

"In the Labyrinth," by Alain-Robbe-Grillet; *translated by Richard Howard (Grove. 207 pp. Paperback, $1.95), deliberately mystifies the reader in its effort to etch universal fragments of life. Anna Balakian, professor of French at New York University, wrote "Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute."*

By Anna Balakian

THE RUE BERNARD-PALISSY is one of the shortest and narrowest in Paris. It has several excellent restaurants and is the address of *Les Editions de Minuit*, which has been publishing many of the "new" novels of France. Of late the street's culinary and literary assets have brought it into the limelight, and the rumor is that it is replacing Saint-Germain-des-Prés with its café "Aux Deux Magots" as the rendezvous of the new writers.

Here I met Alain Robbe-Grillet, the author of "The Voyeur," "Jealousy," and now "In the Labyrinth," the most provocative of his novels. As an associate editor of *Les Editions de Minuit*, and scenario writer for Alain Resnais's most recent movie, "L'Année Dernière," Robbe-Grillet is a very busy man. Happy with the stir he has created, he is unruffled by adverse criticism: "After all, Flaubert got some pretty dismal reviews for 'Madame Bovary'!"

Looking like a young executive in his assurance and direct manner, Robbe-Grillet does not suggest the complicated frame of mind which his most recent and most cryptic novel leads us to expect. Regarding the sheer impossibility of following the thread of the narrative, he asserts that this is precisely his intention. There has been too much interpretation of his previous novels. To forestall questions and the reading of allegorical answers into the plot of this one, he has supplied in the last pages of the book a simple solution to the free narrative structure.

With a distinct distaste for regionalism, the author has deliberately avoided any descriptions that might lead to exact identifications. Concrete but at the same time imprecise characters are likewise impossible to identify; they are therefore neither French nor even

Alain Robbe-Grillet—"innovations."

European, but merely human, and thereby universal.

As one reads one's way through the labyrinth one is reminded of Diderot's innovations in the French classical theatre, which had reached a century before him such a degree of perfection that nothing more could be done with it. So for the moral prototypes Diderot substituted functional characters: the banker, the lawyer, the father, the eldest son, the wife, the sister, etc. In Robbe-Grillet's current novel, which Richard Howard has given both an accurate and stylistic translation, the characters are not even blessed with the initial of a name to identify them as they were in "Jealousy." But like Diderot's characters they belong to universal categories and face specific conditions: the soldier, qualified as a soldier with a tin box to deliver to someone; a wife-widow-mother, whose husband has not been heard from since he went to a disastrous war; a child of ten who shadows the soldier everywhere; a lame man of draft age, vaguely related to both the woman and the child. There are others whose connections with the principal ones are contingent merely on the functions they serve: a bartender, a waitress, an orderly, a doctor.

There is something baroque about the shifting setting: the deserted street corner with the lamplight, the room at the end of the long corridor and up the spiral stairs, the picture effect of the barroom, the barracks-hospital. Here is fragmental but very detailed description that leads to no composite whole, for the minute lines executed with admirable craftsmanship, stand out disproportionately in the total picture. The result is *vision* rather than *perception* as Robbe-Grillet has eliminated all adjectives that might create a link between the subject and the objects which surround him. Man and his confrontations with other men and with the material world are presented as if totally unappraised by author or reader. They simply *are* under the impersonal sky.

But why make it so confused when one has such power over words, such an eye for observation, such a gift for construction?

"It simply was no longer possible to imitate Proust or write like François Mauriac," says Alain Robbe-Grillet.

He admits to being influenced by the surrealists, by Sartre, by Camus, by Kafka, by Hemingway in translation, and the detective novel, but in all cases to a certain point. It is the point at which deviation from the master becomes necessary if one is to produce a work of originality.

It is harder to read "In the Labyrinth" than "Jealousy." In the earlier work a certain unity of time and setting produced enough narrative logic to hold the reader's attention to the printed word. In the present novel the time and place elements fluctuate spasmodically. Were we not afraid to interpret, we might suggest that most of the narrated action occurs in the troubled dream-coma of the feverish soldier who wanders from street to apartment, from barroom to hospital in quest of the unknown address of an unknown person until he dies simultaneously in several places. Perhaps no writer has ever come so close to conveying the act of dying, and the merging of the important things in a life into the final, concentrated moment: the child that he was or may have had, the woman he longed for or left behind, the crippled state he was tempted to assume in wartime, the human heritage he transmitted or lost. To read the novel in the spirit in which it was written, we must follow the soldier in space and time and accept his mystery and the mystery of those he elbows, guessing no more nor less of their past or of the inner significance of the unconnected events than we do in the case of individuals we view daily in the procession of unidentified human beings.

But, Monsieur Robbe-Grillet, as everyone who has ever read a detective story knows, all the fun is in deciphering the clues!

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Prelude to the Quartet

"The Black Book," by Lawrence Durrell *(Dutton. 250 pp. $4.95), contains early versions of several characters who appear in the author's later work, "The Alexandria Quartet." Leo Lerman, who reviewed the third volume of that series, "Mountolive," prefers the epistolary style for his present review.*

By Leo Lerman

DEAR WHOEVER-YOU-ARE:
Please forgive my rudeness in not thanking you weeks ago for your gift of Lawrence Durrell's "The Black Book." Embarrassment and mystification are my reasons for silence. Although I do not know who you are, you apparently know that I am deeply interested in Durrell since you have gone to the trouble and expense of sending "The Black Book" from Paris to me in New York. I am humiliated to tell you that your present has not been received, although I was told it had been sent. Our Customs office advised me, in an official communication, that the book was being held and would be destroyed. I believe that I was asked to show Customs why I should have this book, but I am uncertain of the exact wording of the question, because I no longer have the document. I know any number of reasons why books, no matter how meretricious, should not be destroyed. The most obvious of these is that time alone, not man, can annihilate a book.

It is strange that while Customs deprived me of the copy sent from Paris, the United States domestic mail brought me a copy of "The Black Book" identical to the Paris edition, which was issued to the American public by E. P. Dutton, Durrell's publisher in this country. The mailman's hands did not wither as he tossed the book to me; his nose did not even wrinkle in disgust. He seemed quite unaware that he was helping a somewhat sedentary, middle-aged bookworm to sink into moral degeneration. After such a prolonged prelude, I was filled with curiosity about the book itself.

It is always fascinating to trace a torrent to its beginnings, and this novel, Durrell's third (and the first to be published under his own name), is the rich soil from which the pulsing, iridescent jet, "The Alexandria Quartet," springs. When *The Paris Review* asked Lawrence Durrell whether he considered "The Black Book" "important to the evolution of the Justine series . . ." he said:

> Only in the sense that it was important for my evolution . . . my inside evolution. It was my first breakthrough. I don't regard it as a good book. . . . As a boy of twenty-four I had to undergo a sort of special crisis even to write the book at all and *that* was what was truthful, not the book itself, not the paper with stuff on it. It was the act of making the breakthrough and suddenly hearing your own tone of voice, like being reborn, like cracking the egg all of a sudden. And that's what it was for me. I cracked the crust in that book and the lava was there, and I had only to find a way of training the lava so that it didn't spill over everything and burn everything up. I had to canalize it.

Thus Durrell sums up not only the justifications for interest in "The Black Book" but also the reasons for its flaws. He has, in essence, reviewed his own book.

"The Black Book" is definitely not a good book. But it is an overwhelming novel. It is young, compulsive, extremely dense, given to he-man heroics symbolized by words seen more frequently on urinal walls than between the covers of reputably published books. Durrell was, as he says, freeing himself. He was also writing very much in the mood of the time. In the Twenties, and Thirties (Durrell started "The Black Book" in 1936 on the island of Corfu) writers rebelled against conventions in living, in language, and in technique. Inhibition was a dirty word. The Uninhibiteds—James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller—were leaders of the day. It was not unnatural then that Durrell sent the manuscript of "The Black Book" to Miller in Paris. This was an act of faith, for the two men did not know each other. When Miller read the book he immediately recognized a fellow liberator, painstakingly typed the manuscript in triplicate, sent copies to T. S. Eliot and Cyril Connolly, and published it in a series he was editing. The intimate relationship between "The Black Book" and Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" is obvious in Miller's statement about his book: "My books are not about sex but about self-liberating." For Miller could be describing "The Black Book."

Lawrence Durrell — "It was my first breakthrough."

The source of a river can be a muddy trickle of suspect water or a crystalline spring. "The Black Book" has marks of both. With Lawrence Durrell I deplore the book's adolescent excesses, its overinsistence on Sex as the only annihilation of "the English death" (Durrell's symbol for his "cultural swaddling clothes"), its patches of almost unreadable prose, its lack of plot, its intentional obscurity, and its relentless, though unprurient, use of four-letter words. But for what it tells me about the gestation of "The Alexandria Quartet," for its foreshadowing of the mature work's space-time continuum, for its sumptuous evocation of mood, for its delineation of characters who portend the later Quartet people, for its "Black Book" and its little "green book" which fifteen years later proliferate hotly into the huge diaries of "The Alexandria Quartet," for this opportunity to witness the education of a poet—for all these reasons I am grateful. And though I could not read the copy of "The Black Book" that you sent me, I thank you, whoever-you-are.

Sincerely,
LEO LERMAN.

UNSENTIMENTAL LOVE: In her first novel "The Nine Mile Circle," Pati Hill displayed a writing talent that was as uninhibited and vibrant as the spirit of youth itself. It aroused and excited the reader. Now, just one short novel later, she has written a story that is even more exciting in a different way: it has superb control of style and an extraordinary maturity of vision.

"Prosper" (Houghton Mifflin, $3) takes place in a French farming village.

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The plot revolves around Prosper Cadot, a young farm worker with a deep attachment to the land, who comes of age in an environment that is concerned mainly with the basic needs of existence. Love in this society is an unsentimental, take-it-when-you-can thing, and Prosper takes it when he can as he would a hearty meal—and then forgets about it. Flashes of real love are sparked in his affair with Madame Bonhomme, a beautifully realized portrait of a frightened, religious, sexually awakened widow, and in his platonic relationship with Liliane, a childhood friend. But faced with the burden of supporting himself, his drunkard father, and feeble-minded sister, Prosper simply cries, "*Trois fois merde!*" and pushes these strange tender feelings into his subconscious.

When Madame Bonhomme becomes pregnant with Prosper's child, this love-mad woman resolves her plight in a way that affects the entire town—the priest, the doctor, the neighbors—and especially Prosper himself. For it is her pathetic tragicomic handling of the situation that thrusts young Prosper into manhood. What he does may strike some readers as harsh, but it is entirely in keeping with his character and the world in which he lives.

Equipped with an intuitive understanding of her characters, Miss Hill presents them wholly and objectively. Unlike the nervous heroes of much modern fiction, these villagers are marvellously fresh and uncomplicated. Confronted with life's problems, they react simply and act decisively. And they achieve a degree of happiness.

There is no verbiage in this book. Each sentence is essential and neat, like the French countryside.

—Linda Cateura.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 905

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 905 will be found in the next issue.

RCCARNBX DB FGX

XKGL LW R

CARFDFNMX.

—RPQZLBX QDXZKX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 904

He never chooses an opinion; he just wears whatever happens to be in style.

—Tolstoi.

SCIENCE

Russia's Operation Utopia

"Russian Science in the 21st Century," edited by Sergei Gouschev and Mikhail Vassiliev *(McGraw-Hill. 222 pp. $4.95), demands the attention that "Mein Kampf" should have received when Hitler's plans for the Third Reich were originally revealed. The Soviet manifesto for the year 2007 is evaluated by SR's Science Editor John Lear.*

By John Lear

THE MOST underrated book of the first half of the twentieth century was Adolf Hitler's "Mein Kampf." Had its message been taken seriously at the time of publication, the world today might be a very different place. I have no doubt that the book now before me, "Russian Science in the 21st Century," is going to be taken seriously and that the world is going to be a very different place as a consequence. The only question about it in my mind is: Will the American people be among those who take it seriously?

The question is valid, I think, because this book's significance is difficult to appreciate here. For such a book could not have been written in this country. The elements going into its makeup simply do not exist here. To make the volume possible in an American context it would first be necessary to transform *The Congressional Record* from the present-day grab-bag of statesmanship and political garbage to a conveyance of national purpose shared by Congress and the White House. Next *The Congressional Record* would have to be staffed by professional journalists, and some of these journalists would have to be assigned to interview key figures at the National Academy of Sciences to learn the scientists' plans for America's future. Before the journalists got to their assignment, the National Academy of Sciences would have to be reorganized and given authority to direct research into channels considered most purposeful for the national good.

The Soviet Russian government was founded on the idea that science is a directing force in geopolitics. It was therefore natural and logical for the editors of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* to send writers Sergei Gouschev and Mikhail Vassiliev to the Soviet Academy of Science to "penetrate the future" for the Sixth World Festival of Student Youth. Would it not be the duty of the youth of the world "to enter this future in a businesslike fashion . . . in the same way that prospective tenants of a projected apartment building are interested in plans for the apartments and the practical details of the kitchen and other rooms"?

The "penetration" was made in the year 2007, just half a century after the launching of Sputnik I. Chief guide on the expedition was Alexander Nikolaievich Nessmayanov, president of the Soviet Academy. The presence of two objects on his desk top was noted before the take-off: a wooden bust of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and a bronze statue of Atlas bearing the earth on his shoulders.

Nessmayanov (for a review of his power in modern Russia, see SR/Research, March 24, 1956) made a few remarks by way of preparing his companions for the adventure. One was: "Only hard work will be rewarded." Another was: "The greatest danger of all is . . . *not* to look ahead, *not* to see, and *not* to set for oneself a bold goal." A third was a warning that, no matter what great marvels might be seen, this exploration of the future would not be concerned with "pipe dreams of Manilov," the lazy lout in Gogol's "Dead Souls" who was always talking without ever saying anything that mattered.

It is well for readers of this book to keep that warning in mind. For what the Russians foresee for the year 2007 is barely recognizable on the landscape of today. They expect to make steel in a continuous process, beginning with iron dust and ending with alloys tailor-made atom by atom through nuclear radiation, the whole series of intricacies being directed by high-speed computers. They expect to abolish the mining of coal, again by using computer-bossed machines to drill electricity through surface rock, set the coal afire with underground lightning, and bring the fuel to the surface in the form of gas. They expect to stop hunting pools of oil beneath the surface of the ground, and instead to cause the oil to flow to pre-selected sites convenient for man's use.

They plan bloodless surgery, glue to

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replace surgical stitching, spare parts of all kinds for the body, improvement in the efficiency of higher nervous-system functions like reading and memory, and some means of reducing normal hours of sleep from eight to one or two a night—thus adding the equivalent of twenty to thirty years of life.

In farming, they will grow carrots a yard long, cabbages four feet wide, roses that bloom for weeks on end.

Their automobiles will accept direction from the voice of the driver, and automatically pick out the shortest route to his destination. Buses will fly through the air, kicked along by bursts of power beamed by radio.

All these are in themselves fantastic items. But it is Chapter 25 that will impress the undeveloped lands of the earth. Here is an excerpt: "We could dam the straits of Gibraltar and exploit enormous zones of fertile land at the bottom of the Mediterranean. We could divert the warm Kuro-Siwo current into the cold Sea of Okhotsk. We could create in the Sahara a fresh-water lake that would influence the whole climate of Africa."

Although the Russian scientists clearly see the time when the shortest rail and highway routes between West Europe and Peking will cross Soviet Central Asia, although they vision radiotelescopes with antennae that span the continent of Europe, they never once mention any need of keeping up with the Americans.

Living Is Relating

"Life: Its Dimensions and Its Bounds," by Robert M. MacIver *(Harper. 144 pp. $3), sees Man and Life as relevant incidents but not the purpose of the Universe. Ritchie Calder is a member of the council for the British Association for the Advancement of Science. His many books include "Science in Our Lives."*

By Ritchie Calder

AT A recent international conference at which eminent scientists were supposed to be helping Afro-Asian politicians to apply science to the problems of their new states, an American introduced a paper on "Breeder Reactors as a Means to Energy Autarky." One could almost feel the wince of the audience. "What's 'autarky'?" asked a plaintive voice. To which the scientist replied primly that "autarky" was a "perfectly good Greek word meaning 'self-sufficiency.'" "What's 'reactor'?" and "What's 'breeder'?" were the next questions. They might also fairly have asked, "What's 'energy'?"

There, in one title, were four "trip-words"—words on which uninitiated but not necessarily unintelligent persons stubbed their mental toes and, in other circumstances, would just have given up. Yet the intention of the scientist was anxiously helpful; he, as much as they, was the victim of the jargon.

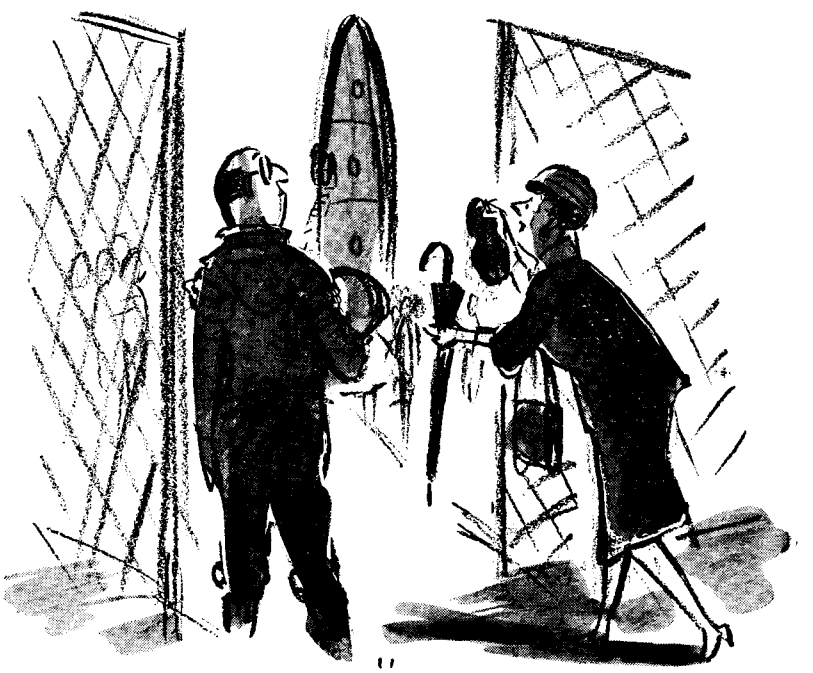
This breakdown in communications between the exact sciences and the humanists is well argued in Robert M. MacIver's "Life: Its Dimensions and Its Bounds." He tries to overcome it by the device of a Socratic debate between a biologist, an authority on Cretan inscriptions, a businessman, a physicist, an anthropologist, and a geographer. But, without diminishing the value of the arguments on the nature of the cosmos, sex, reproduction, mortality of evolution, one wonders whether the humanist is not as great a sinner as the scientist.

The difficulties of common comprehension are not resolved by transferring academic dialogues from an Attic grove to an attic coffee party, and this discussion device, with its assumption of unbuttoned casualness, of eavesdropping on a Brains Trust, somehow makes the concepts the more awkward to grasp—because the reader is treated as a participant without the opportunity for questions.

If, however, one accepts the fact that the arguments are not as facile as the device, then this is a book supremely worth studying—but studying. It puts Man, and Life, back where they belong—as incidents and not the purpose of the Universe—without thereby implying, as cosmology is liable to do, that they are irrelevancies. After all, the brain that comprehends the cosmos is itself a process of cosmic evolution and, as the book demonstrates, our primary concern is with this planet and the fulfillment of life on it.

Dr. MacIver's "trinity"—mortality, sex, and reproduction—is a stimulating approach to the succession and continuity of life. He calls that "looking at life from the outside" and goes on to examine what he calls "the sensitivity cluster." This is well-expressed as "We live in our relationships: our needs are satisfied through relationships, complicated relationships to objects, to undertakings, to conditions, to situations, to persons, to institutions. Living is relating."

And that, one might say, is where we came in. Having, as this book does, examined how much we know in the exact terms of science about Nature and the processes of Life, we are back with Man, his capabilities of comprehension and his responsibilities and with Dr. MacIver's own object of reconciling science and the humanities.



"Oh, Roger!"

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Sabines, Shoes, and Sanity

IT HAPPENED on an airplane shortly after the takeoff from Atlanta. A lady sitting towards the front of the plane pressed the release button on her seat and pushed back suddenly. This had the effect of knocking a book out of the hands of the lady seated in the row behind. For purposes of narrative flow we shall henceforth refer to the lady in front as Lady A and the lady in the rear as Lady B.

Lady B, her book sent flying, forcibly asserted her sovereignty. She put both hands on the back of the seat of Lady A and gave it a powerful forward thrust. This produced a shock to the physical presence and psyche of Lady A, who forthwith denounced, in a high-decibel range, the action of Lady B. Lady A insisted she had paid for her seat and was entitled to do anything with it she wished. The response from Lady B to this line of reasoning was that no one had the right to push that seat in her face, whether paid for or not.

Lady A could not accept the proposition. Once again, she pushed her seat back, her full weight pressed against it. This act of massive defiance thwarted Lady B's valiant efforts to shove the seat forward again. Lady B immediately transferred her attention and energies to the head of Lady A, detaching frighteningly large quantities of hair. Lady A, her head anchored, grabbed her large handbag and used it as a mallet over her shoulder for clouting Lady B.

It had all happened so fast that the sky battle was in full force before most of the passengers and the stewardesses were aware of it. And then, to compound the problem, at least four other ladies of assorted convictions and sizes became emotionally and physically involved. Shrieks drowned out the roar of the engines. Arms flailed, fingernails flashed, and hairdos put together so painstakingly over hours came apart in seconds.

A stewardess and a few male passengers tried to intervene but could not get through to the epicenter of combat. The pilot, however, summoned on the intercom, was able to penetrate through to the war zone by means of the forward access. As he separated the ladies, he sharply reminded them that their nonsense could jeopardize the lives of everyone on the plane. He put an end to the struggle, redistributed the ladies throughout the plane, strapped on their seat belts, then returned to the controls.

It was a bizarre and ludicrous episode, redolent of Mack Sennett at his worst; it was also a stark and frightening reminder of the membrane-like thinness that separates grown people from their primitive beginnings. These were well-groomed ladies, none of whom would be out of place at a reunion of university women, or a civic reception. What is most significant about the episode, however, is that it is not really isolated. All the elements of absurdity and potential tragedy were sharply focused because the setting was high above the clouds. We can smile even as we shake our heads at the image of the latter-day Sabines battling in the sky. But what makes the episode most painful of all is that it is not too far removed from a situation in which the full congeries of humans on earth is involved.

We are all aboard the same flight. The plane is called the nuclear age. Some of the passengers seem to have no use for one another. But the situation in the cabin seems under reasonable control. What makes the problem immediately precarious is that there is audible snarling from the direction of the cockpit where the men at the controls are themselves engaged in ominous and ugly preliminaries to a brawl. One thing is certain. They cannot grapple with one another and keep their hands on the controls at the same time. If the plane goes down, all will go down with it.

In a rational world, no man would be permitted to become the head of a government, or even a high official in it, unless his fitness for leadership, his basic emotional stability, his capacity to stand up under stress, his sense of responsibility, could be certified by highly qualified authorities. No airline would dream of hiring a pilot without checking thoroughly into all the factors of human personality that go into the making of mature, responsible behavior and the ability to maintain a sense of values under stress. If the safety of a few passengers is important, what about the safety of more than two billion? The picture of the head of a powerful government losing his temper and pounding his shoe on the table during a critical session of the U.N. is not merely a striking view of a man out of control. The man who swings the shoe can also pull the switch that can end the human journey. The fact of such power in temperamental hands is not the worst commentary on our times. The worst commentary is that the rest of us are going about our affairs as usual, apparently willing to assume that equal or greater power is a rational response to danger. The madness is not isolated. It holds a claim on everyone who thinks he himself is remote from danger, that he has no responsibility for what is happening, that he is helpless to change the course of events.

Absolute power and absolute nonsense are being wedded to one another in the modern world. If it is to be changed, some nation will have to come forward with a prescription that fits the needs of a human society in quest of sanity. The prescription will have to look beyond unfettered national sovereignty to a condition of effective law applied to the states themselves. Offering such a prescription does not by itself provide acceptance. But it is barely possible, even at this late date, that the prescription might serve as a powerful rallying point for what may well be the last stand of the thinking free man in this corner of the universe. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TOWARD A NEW U.N.

CONGRATULATIONS on the editorial "An Alternative to Anarchy" [*SR*, Oct. 8]. There is an urgent need for specific suggestions on revamping the United Nations at this particular time. Most of the people who are sensitive to the dangers have reached the saturation point. They've had the grand tour of a twentieth-century Inferno, nuclear bomb style. They know that nuclear war is a very real possibility. They know that the alternative is an adequate international government. And they also know that the U.N. is not now adequate. This seems to me a constructive area for debate.

EMILY SCOTT.

Normal, Ill.

WHERE ARE THE HEROES?

N.C.'S PERCEPTIVE DIAGNOSIS of what's wrong with current novels [*SR*, Oct. 1] is an excellent study in pathology as far as it goes. But the analysis fails to recognize the cardinal principle that the novel is, after all, a reflection of life. Who lives heroically in our day? Where are the people who could support an "epic theme"? Who comes to life with passion in our time to demonstrate not the "limitless possibilities" of human shrinkage but of human potentiality?

It is small wonder that the novel of character has given way to the novel of shadowy situations, the heroic tale to mordant themes, the Captain Ahabs to Popeyes. For, in living as well as in novels, Americans follow the cult of personality development, seek the goal of adjustment, and strive to be organization men. If a writer such as Ayn Rand deals with heroic characters in epic situations, the characters are labeled "caricatures," the situations "fantastic" or "unreal."

Life today is permeated with a sense of defeatism which, in part, is a product of the hot and cold wars, but is no less the heritage of Freud's cult of the irrational, mechanistic, and libido-determined man. All values are said to be dead, the unconscious rules, and the goal of life should be the escape from conflict into the nirvana of security.

In short, the nutrient soil needed to grow novelists is badly depleted. We need a rededication of the value of human life, a mailed fist to shake in the teeth of despair, and a touch of the Promethean spirit to live by. Then epics will once again be written.

J. P. CHAPLIN, Chairman,
Department of Psychology,
University of Vermont.

Burlington, Vt.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

IN REVIEWING two books on Puerto Rico in *SR*'s September 10 issue, Carleton Beals makes some erroneous observations.

Puerto Rico's struggle against poverty has been an entirely peaceful one, not accompanied by violence and terror. The "bloody revolution" which Mr. Beals says took place after Governor Muñoz was elected was actually a disorganized attempt on the Governor's life in 1950 by a handful of fanatic nationalists. The entire membership of this radical independence movement has never numbered more than a few hundred people.

Mr. Beals asks about independence and anti-American sentiment on the island. The legal independence party, which advocates its objective through entirely peaceful and democratic means, has been steadily losing strength. In the last election it polled only 12 per cent of the vote. There is some indication that in the upcoming election it may drop below the 10 per cent minimum required to remain on the ballot. Sentiment, as conclusively expressed by the objectives of the other two political parties, is overwhelmingly pro-American.

Puerto Rico, of course, faces many problems brought on by rapid growth and expansion. But the problems are happily not complicated by a popular resentment against the U.S. In every election, we have voted overwhelmingly to continue our free political and economic association with the United States. Few Stateside residents are prouder of their U. S. citizenship than Puerto Ricans.

MARIA DOLORES TARACIDO DE SILVER.

San Juan, P.R.

"Absolutely not, dear."

A five-man American chess team left New York on October 13 to compete in the 1960 Chess Olympics in Leipzig, East Germany. The trip was made possible by generous contributions from the many *SR* readers who supported the Olympic Chess Fund, as well as from various chess organizations.

FREUDULENT PRACTICE?

THE ONLY HONEST statement in Sydney J. Harris's review of "Wilhelm Reich: Selected Writings" [*SR*, Oct. 1] is the one with which he begins: "I am frankly not qualified to review this stupendous (and stupefying) anthology of Dr. Reich's writing. . . ."

To me the height of applied idiocy is found in the remarks of eggheads (the kind who know everything and understand nothing) when they say how great were Reich's "superb studies" in character analysis but what a pity it was that he had to go off the deep end. The fact is that these people do not admire Reich's superb studies in character analysis, nor do they admire anything else that he has produced. The fact is that they hate Reich with an exquisite passion, and with good reason. The scope, the depth, and the quality of Reich's work expose them as the out-and-out frauds that they are.

I am qualified to make this statement.

HENRY E. HILL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SYDNEY J. HARRIS'S disarming confession suggested a humility that must be admired in one who undertakes the responsibility of appraising the fruits of a great creative mind. Yet on further reading, one comes to doubt his sincerity and to wonder whether it is true humility or merely the wish to absolve himself of the responsibility of supporting with facts the many judgments he makes.

DANIEL DORON.

Chicago, Ill.

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THE FINE ARTS

From Switzerland, Wit and Wisdom

AN EXHIBITION of paintings, sculpture, and collages by twentieth-century European artists currently on view at the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York is important for two reasons: first, for its general excellence; second, for the opportunity it offers to compare certain famous modern "old masters." Some, like Arp, Picasso, Dubuffet, and Giacometti, are still alive; others have died during the last two decades, notably Léger, Mondrian, Brancusi, and Kandinsky.

On entering the gallery one is immediately struck by the work of two Swiss artists—Arp and Giacometti—if only for the singular consistency of their vision. It may also be through sheer numbers that they dominate the exhibition, since these men are more generously displayed than the other artists shown. For example, their great late compatriot, Paul Klee, is represented by only one small work, yet his inclusion, along with theirs, underlines the debt modern art owes to Switzerland, a debt too often overlooked, for both Arp and Giacometti are sometimes more closely identified with Paris than with their native land, and Klee is frequently claimed by the Germans.

Though three artists could scarcely be more opposed stylistically, they share a common talent for understatement, wry humor, unassuming profundity, and an ability to make the specific seem general. At a time when most artists are preoccupied with ever larger dimensions and more arresting methods, these men have contented themselves with deceptively modest means. But I venture to predict that when the final tally is reckoned, Arp and Giacometti will emerge as two of the most significant artists of today. As for Klee, his position seems already assured. Since his death twenty years ago, his quiet influence has steadily increased.

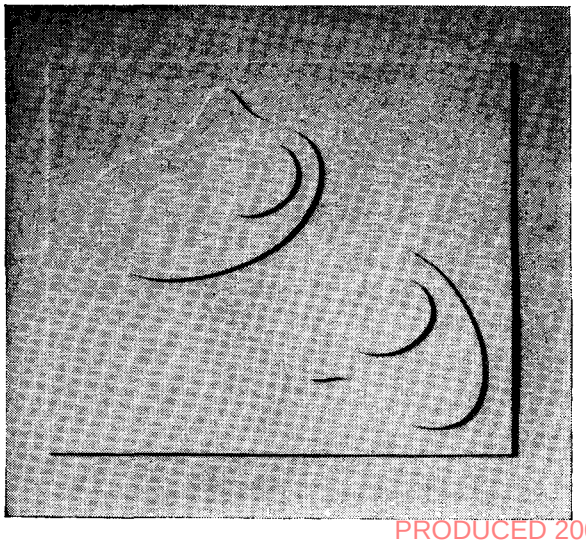
In the current exhibition fifteen works by Giacometti—eleven bronzes and four paintings, some very recent and one as early as 1934—are ingeniously installed in a forest-like group against one wall. Here secret, elongated figures and taut portraits enhance and intensify one another. Over and over, whether in metal or on canvas, the same questioning, anxious emotions are projected. The eroded quality of Giacometti's bronzes and the harassed surfaces of his mysterious paintings are only token evidences of impending doom. It is the isolated figures themselves, sad, apprehensive, and irrevocably alone, that haunt us and force us, albeit gently, to face ourselves. Though his work is too personal to be classified by any modern "ism," it has frequently been imitated but invariably without success. In the hands of most followers, Giacometti's expressive symbols are often reduced to mere stylistic eccentricities.

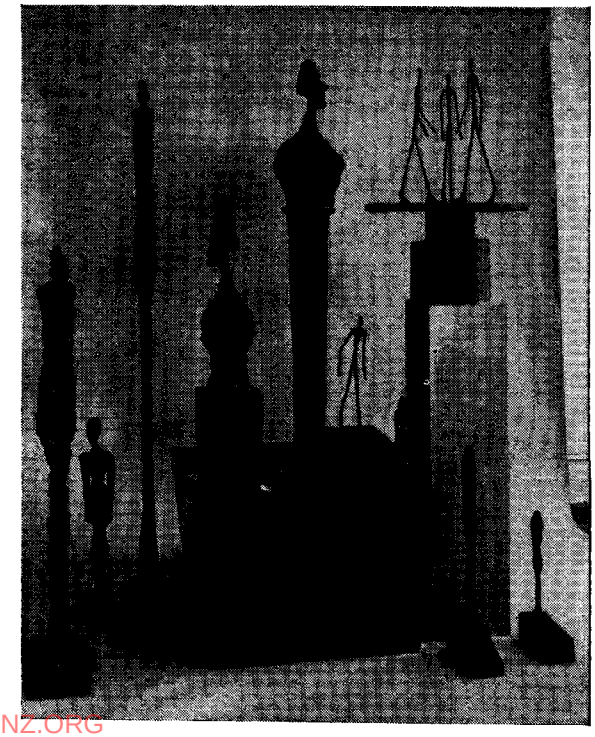
As the years go by, this artist holds his own as one of the few uncontaminated voices of our time. His interest is less a search for the new than a passion for refining and probing the disquieting emotions of present-day man. It is customary to discuss the loneliness of his figures, but they go beyond loneliness, becoming symbols of personal isolation in a world they observe with frozen intensity. Whether the model is the artist's brother Diego, his wife, or his mother, the same rooted, brooding "aloneness" is communicated. Here indeed is the antithesis of modern "togetherness." Except for one piece, every work in the show is restricted to a single figure or part of a figure. Ironically, the only multiple sculpture conveys the deepest sense of solitude, for though these figures move steadily toward each other, one feels that, no matter how urgently they strive, they will never meet.

AFTER viewing Giacometti, Arp may seem cool and detached, despite the seductive implications of his sensuous curves. Though his methods differ radically from Giacometti's, his work is equally pungent, if more optimistic. He too is committed to the story of man but he is apt to see him either as a complex legendary figure, half-human, half-magic, or as a model for shorthand

"Two Profiles" by Arp (below), sculpture by Giacometti (right)—with modest means, significant results.

—Sculptures at the Sidney Janis Gallery.





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sardonic satire. A white relief called "Two Profiles" emphasizes the purity of Arp's technique as it also reveals his sense of humor. Are these the faces of men, animals, or myths—or are they merely profiles of mass anonymity? One looks up, the other down, their placing a matter of consummate skill, for it is chiefly by the relationship of the two heads to each other and to their immaculate surroundings that a sense of tension is created. No one else, except perhaps Brancusi, has so ably reduced form to such an abbreviated synopsis and still invested it with overtones of meaning.

Arp's work has occasionally been completely abstract, but usually it is concerned with specific ideas or emotions handled either poetically, humorously, or philosophically. In the Janis show a work entitled "To Be Lost in the Woods" dates from almost thirty years ago and is carved in three separate pieces of black marble, interrelated and mounted on a strange circular pedestal. Conceivably, these three separate forms can be rearranged by the viewer, thus giving him frustrating sensations not unlike those felt by people lost in the woods and facing *many possible paths out*. *Less enigmatic* is another white relief of 1959 which takes two tears as its point of departure and transforms them into limpid symbols of sorrow.

FOR me it has always been difficult to understand why the public has not accepted Arp as fully as it has many of his contemporaries who are often less inventive and sometimes less provocative. An elder statesman in the field of art, he has been a veritable trail-blazer. His work reflects the conviction that accidents of chance can lead to fresh ways of seeing, for he often uses spontaneous, involuntary experiences as motifs, much as modern writers have depended on the stream-of-consciousness technique. But in so doing he always tightens and compresses his vision with epigrammatic control. Not one extra line or dot is included for decoration. Here is an artist, austere, polished, urbane, but surprisingly able to deal with our own familiar world in the psychological terms of our own century.

Simultaneously with the Sidney Janis show, another exhibition of Arp's work can be seen in New York at the Galerie Chalette. One is impressed again by the fecundity of Arp's images, in which subtle double meanings involve the viewer in active participation, whether the work is a voluptuous free-standing monument or a small wall relief. Incapable of banality, Arp is an agile sorcerer who extracts magic from the simplest forms in nature. —KATHARINE KUH.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Bricks and Faint Hope

WHEN a new play gathers us together to relive the terror the Warsaw Jews faced in their mass extermination by Hitler twenty years ago, is it enough for that play merely to illustrate the variety of reactions ordinary people can have to such a threat, and to remind us how fortunate we have been in our more carefree lives here?

If so, Millard Lampell's stage adaptation of John Hersey's "**The Wall**" is a satisfactory piece of work that for most of the evening admirably resists the temptation to make its subjects into heroes or villains. Indeed, only in the play's final scene do we have a conventional heroic act in which one man gives his life to save his friends.

As directed by Morton Da Costa, "The Wall" emerges as an ensemble spectacle featuring a series of vignettes, a sort of opera without music, and without the traditional augmenting of emotional highlights. Perhaps this is necessary, for if it were played with more personal identification and more emotional intensity, the pain could easily become unbearable. The individual performances are nicely drawn, with each character a recognizable type. There are George C. Scott, as a resourceful young cynic; Marian Seldes, as his sick wife who is eaten alive by the knowledge that her marriage has been like "walking down an alley holding hands in order to pretend you're not alone"; David Opatoshu, as an opportunistic, well-to-do father who believes every problem can be solved by bribery; and his two sons and two daughters. Michael Ebert stands out as the older son, a person who has been made thirsty for self-assertion by his father's failure in the human part of parenthood. And Yvonne Mitchell plays the eldest daughter with a superb mixture of intelligence, conviction, and grace. A third family includes a rabbi and his son. As the latter, Robert Drivas draws a convincing picture of human weakness as he pleads with his father, urging him to go to the Nazis for "resettlement" (extermination) so that he won't have to go himself. Incidentally, his argument—that his father will have to go soon anyway, and will therefore be giving up only a few days of life—is an object lesson for all of us who would pick the logical path over the honorable one. But the most dramatic characterization is that of Joseph Buloff as a second-hand furniture dealer, who seemingly would suffer any personal humiliation to stay alive, but who in emergency rises to whatever bravery is required. Like Shaw's chocolate soldier hero, he understands that courage is for use, not for display.

Howard Bay's backdrop of Warsaw standing implacable beside the walled ghetto succeeds in suggesting the coexistence of order and disorder, although the wall itself has a bright orange look that clashes with both reality and symbolic function.

What "The Wall" lacks is a strong attitude toward its shocking content. In merely describing what happened, it passes by many crucial questions. Were the Warsaw Jews, as one character charges, too docile, too anxious to prolong a captive existence at any cost? Can any group of people be reduced to animals by being fed the right mixture of terror and faint hope? Would it have served any purpose for them to have behaved more militantly from the beginning? Did God visit this trial upon them for any discernible reason? And, finally, do the living now have a daily responsibility to our own society to fight for an honorable life rather than to accept a seemingly more secure but certainly more apathetic existence?

"The Wall" doesn't present answers or even challenge us with any great vigor. It doesn't seem to say more than that in any mass crisis different people will react differently. One wishes it could have added some of these theatrical virtues to its carefully unexaggerated presentation of one of history's most infamous events.

MIKE NICHOLS and Elaine May have developed their own style of social satire. In their current show at the Golden Theatre, their sketches tend to begin with a relaxed, normal situation, proceed to pull out of it dozens of true-to-life absurdities without diminishing the tension, and then end up with a deceptively quiet absurdity that is so nearly real that it jars us first into laughter and then into self-identification and thought. While their short program amounts to not much more than an amorphous revue without music or dance, it affords us an opportunity to meet these fresh young picadors who work so close to the American bull they prick, and furthermore to discover that Miss May is potentially an exceptional "serious" actress. —HENRY HEWES.

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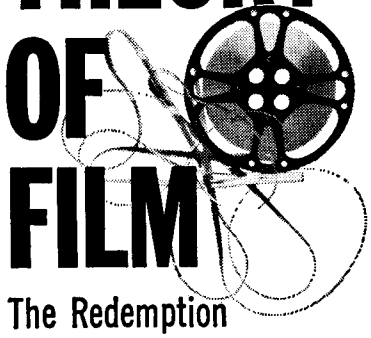
THEORY OF FILM



The Redemption of Physical Reality

By SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

This provocative new book demonstrates once and for all that films differ radically from the traditional arts, and goes on to prove that a Hitchcock thriller has more validity than Olivier's *Hamlet*.

*RICHARD GRIFFITH, Curator, The Museum of Modern Art Film Library

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Great Dubbing Controversy

ALTHOUGH the controversy over whether foreign pictures should be shown here in dubbed or subtitled versions has been raging for some months now, this seems to be as good a time as any to enter the lists—particularly since there are two new films around which, it seems to me, help make my point. Perhaps I should reveal right at the outset that I am a subtitle man, although I concede that in the interest of reaching wider audiences, dubbing is more effective. But if that wider audience sees an inferior product, where is the gain?

At the moment, the public has the opportunity to view two Jules Dassin pictures, one dubbed, one subtitled. Mr. Dassin, it will be remembered, was responsible for such recent efforts as "Rififi" and "He Who Must Die," and must be recognized as no negligible talent. Nor has that talent diminished. Both of these new imports, written and directed by Mr. Dassin, display his unique ability to elevate parable into drama, to work effectively in crude, natural settings, and to draw vivid characterizations from his casts. But the dubbing makes a difference.

"**Never on Sunday**" is the subtitled one (at least at the moment; distributors are wont to dub a picture the instant it becomes successful—and this one has success written all over it). It is a bright, roaring comedy, underlined by a civilized idea, marred by a final platitude. An American intellectual, an ardent Graecophile, visits Athens to try to discover for himself what it was that destroyed the world of Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates. If he can learn that, he reasons, perhaps he can save the world of today. In Piraeus, the port of Athens, he finds a beautiful prostitute who becomes for him the symbol of ancient Greece. He determines to save her.

To his great consternation, the girl doesn't want to be saved. She enjoys her life, and takes pride in the fact that she sells herself only to men who appeal to her. She loves the classic tragedies, even though (or perhaps because) she provides happy endings for all of them. She is, in short, a jolly girl to have around until Homer, our hero, initiates his reforms. Truth, culture, moral values—the more she learns of these, the more disenchanted she becomes. But the final disenchantment is Homer's, for he discovers that there is more satisfaction in the simple joy of living than in any search for an abstract Truth.

Now, there is some fairly involved philosophy in all this, even though it never scales Aristotelian heights. One would imagine that, under the circumstances, hearing all the dialogue would be an advantage. Not at all. Dassin *arranged* his film as a multilingual experience, with the differences in language exploited to emphasize differences in culture and temperament. He clearly recognizes the color values of a native tongue; it contributes as much to the milieu as the graceful native dances and the lilt of the native *bouzoukia* music. To translate this, to dub it, would mean a loss not merely of flavor, but of much of the humor and most of the point of the film.

And this is precisely what happens in "**Where the Hot Wind Blows,**" which Dassin filmed in Italy. Presented by Joseph E. Levine, the Sol Hurok of the drive-ins, it emerges as a rather murky, rather forced, sex come-on picture—and this despite a high-powered cast that includes Gina Lollobrigida, Pierre Brasseur, Melina Mercouri, and Yves Montand; and also despite the finest technical job of dubbing I have seen on this side of the Atlantic. For again this is a film of ideas (based, incidentally, on "La Loi," a Prix Goncourt novel by Roger Vailland), and ideas must be expressed with precision. The dubbing process makes this virtually impossible, for the translator is necessarily concerned less with the *mot juste* than with the word that fits the lip movements up there on the screen. As a result, much of the dialogue in "Hot Wind" seems like hot air, and the point of "the game of law" upon which the story is centered never comes clear enough to motivate all the plots and subplots in this steamy Sicilian town.

Mr. Levine, who has brought to these shores such classics as "Hercules" and "Hercules Unchained," knows well the commercial advantages of dubbing—and I would be the first to admit that no great artistic crime was committed when these were given an English track. I would suggest though, perhaps as a rule-of-thumb axiom, that the greater the artistry in the original work, the greater the violence wreaked on that conception by a dubbed version.

Now if only some way could be found to move the subtitles off the picture and into a blank area all their own. . . .

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

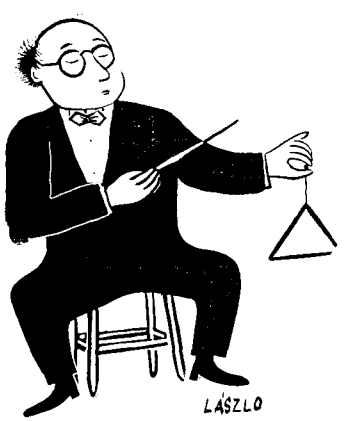
Debut of Giulini—Michel Block—Foss

CARLO Maria Giulini's overdue New York debut as conductor in charge of a concert by the touring Israel Philharmonic in the Metropolitan Opera House left, on balance, a lesser impression than was his due. It is sound theory that a good conductor shows his merits more with a second-than a first-class orchestra, but—as in other areas—musical practice may be at variance with theory.

If he is anything, Giulini is a conductor with sophisticated instincts and highly refined objectives. The Israel Philharmonic is a remarkable product of a remarkable society: its players are second to none in good will, enthusiasm, and even musicality. But there are limits beyond which its man power cannot progress: in tone quality, small details of dynamics, the niceties of execution that separate pretty good from excellent. The unfavorable acoustics of the opera house (a booking made many months ago when the future of Carnegie Hall left no other choice) also influenced the outcome.

Giulini's strong command of interpretive purpose, his ability to blend the singing instinct of an Italian birthright with the architectural design of the Northern composers showed themselves impressively in performances of Weber's "Freischütz" Overture and the First Symphony of Brahms. But always there was the feeling (as in the first movement of the Brahms, when a hornist made a premature entrance and the conductor had to redirect him with a warning finger) that he had to concern himself with more housekeeping chores than are customary with conductors of our orchestras.

On the other hand, he was not guiltless of some misinclinations of his own, especially a concentration on clarity at the expense of continuity in the suite from Stravinsky's "Firebird." All the twitches and embellishments in Katchei's Infernal Dance were outlined with meticulous care, but the grand coloristic purpose was only partially fulfilled. Here, however, and in his projection of two sections from the "Psalm" of Israeli composer Noam Sheriff, Giulini showed the range of sympathies essential for a conductor who aspires to the top category.



IT was more difficult this year than last to pick the winner of the Leventritt Award prior to the announced choice of the judges. Each of the three finalists played a concerto with the Symphony of the Air in Carnegie Hall directed by Milton Katims, and the average quality was high. I would have been surprised had the judges chosen Kenneth Amada, whose playing of the Beethoven "Emperor" was orderly but less than imperial. It could well have been Bela Szilagi, who played the Rachmaninoff No. 1 with uncommon fire as well as plentiful technique, or Michel Block, whose Brahms No. 2 blended musicality, poise, and pianistic personality in much more than common measure.

Whatever the majority opinion among the jury, the minority interest of this judge was attracted to Block, a youth of French parentage born in Belgium who resides in Mexico City and acquired his graduate poise at the Juilliard School with Beveridge Webster. He produces a piano sound of surprising substance for one of his slight build and it was beautifully inflected for the purposes of Brahms in partnership with orchestra. It is, perhaps, the key to this enthusiasm for Block that, despite his youth and limited performing experience, one could speak of "partnership" in his playing of this challenging work.

The record now reads, of course, that there was no winner this year, that the three contestants each received a cash award. In view of the foregoing, the wisdom of the decision can hardly be challenged; what one can challenge, however, is the procedure. According to an announcement from the jury, the outcome was affected by the performances by the contestants of other repertory in the pre-concert eliminations. In other words, no matter how well the concerto went, the player's performance of "something else" weighed against him. The audience should have been pre-warned that it was dealing with an *a priori*, rather than an *a posteriori* decision, that the concert was a mere formality.

In his "Concerto for Improvising Solo Instruments and Orchestra" Lukas Foss may have hit upon something which some other composers have sought in vain—unreviewable music. Possibly there is a slight inaccuracy in describing the work introduced by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra on their first visit of the season to Carnegie Hall as "his," for three of the four movements carry collaborative credit for one or another of the clarinet-cello-flute-percussion group. But as they are all graduates of his composition class at the University of California in Los Angeles, Foss would appear to have a major share in shaping the work.

In any case, to form a judgment of how well a composer has succeeded in his intention one must have a clear idea of what that intention is—precisely what is lacking here. We are told that it is based on "collective improvisation" *à la* jazz, against a written orchestral background. But if one lacks knowledge of the norm from which they are departing, how can the departure be evaluated?

The themes that are collectively improvised upon in jazz are as identifiable most times as the ostinato of Bach's C minor Passacaglia. Nothing in this "Concerto" established such a shape of things not to come: I could hear something like a chorale theme in the second movement, and the fugal finale has some suggestions of entrances and imitations, but I wouldn't have the least idea how the "improvisations" on this occasion compared with those of last week or tomorrow. All I heard was a good deal of strident clashing of note values (some clearly read from manuscripts at the feet of the soloists), some energetic thumping from Charles de Lancey's percussion (bongos, cymbal, snare drum, xylophone, and vibes), runs from Richard Duffalo's clarinet, and flourishes from Robert Drasnin's flute. Howard Colf, on cello, was the least conspicuous save for a pizzicato now and then.

No more than Rolf Lieberman in his "Concerto" or Howard Brubeck in his "Dialogues" (performed by brother Dave's combo with the Philharmonic last year) has Foss solved the problem of how to integrate a conventional orchestra with a group using jazz techniques. Thus the participation of this particularly exceptional one was largely wasted. Ormandy gave its merits the strongest possible affirmation in glistening performances of the Sibelius Fifth Symphony, Respighi's "Feste Romane," and the Sinfonia in D for double orchestra by J. C. Bach, in his own transcription.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The dynamic story of the life and loves of a Florida millionaire

THE
Trend Is Up

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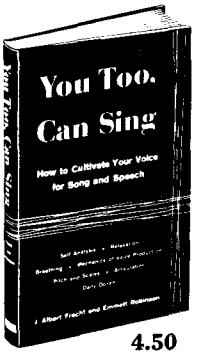

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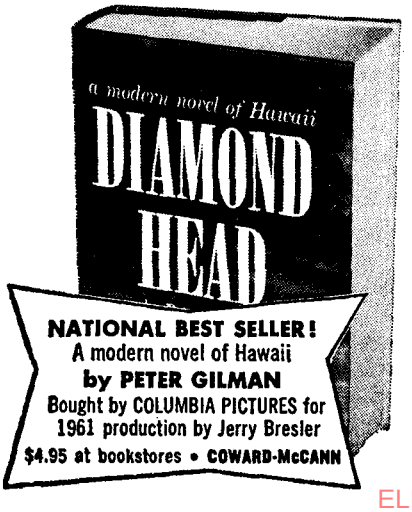

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POETRY

Designs for Reason and Rhyme

"Writing Poetry," by John Holmes *(The Writer. 314 pp. $5), looks honestly at the problems confronting the bard. I. L. Salomon's book of poems, "Unit & Universe," will be reissued as an enlarged paperback later this autumn.*

By I. L. Salomon

FOR A natural approach to its art and craft, "Writing Poetry," by John Holmes, is a grand presentation. Mr. Holmes, a distinguished poet and teacher, has written and compiled a book that the novitiate will be grateful for and to which the accomplished poet will gladly give his assent. It will serve a generation of writers and teachers of writing.

What gives the book fiber is its singular compilation, for Mr. Holmes is no egotist imposing dogmatic principles. His taste is sound as his own fine essays attest, his judgment keen in the selection of the nine contemporary poets and critics writing on the nature of the craft, his criteria high in the more than 400 brief quotations culled from poetry and prose.

With an engaging and congenial air, Mr. Holmes reveals in Part I the sensibilities of the poet at work. The essence of the art is conjured by the words *as if*. They are momentous words, for it is the poet's business to make comparison between objects, to see their differences but to get their solid likeness first.

Just as Mr. Holmes has a sixth sense that makes his own poems viable, so in these talks (for they are conversational pieces) this complex comes into play: "The aloneness is not loneliness and the being wholly yourself is not peculiarity."

". . . Poetry is the life-wish, life put to words." He speaks of versifiers who get "nowhere with great energy." And he appeals to the beginner to have an "impatience that grows to harshness at less than the best, and in others as well as himself."

In defining the poet, in discussing style, in speaking intelligently on whether poets are born or made, and in describing the trauma of birth of five poems, Mr. Holmes is provocative and unmistakably contemporary. The chapter titled "Parable of Poetry: Devotion" addresses the young, tells the new poet what he must face: constant rejection, slow acceptance, fear of adverse criticism, fear of comparison, inverted pride, suppressed conceit, and deep unhappiness. "But to write an indispensable poem is to live, in the poem, in men's lives needed and remembered."

In Part II, "A Great Quickness," Mr. Holmes has chosen well from the available essays on the art. He presents W. H. Auden in an informal autobiographical talk, Robert Frost on the maturity of the younger poets, Richard Eberhart on the challenge poetry offers, Wallace Stevens in metaphoric proverbs, William Carlos Williams on the renewal of language, Stephen Spender on poets as preservers of individuality, Marianne Moore on "Feeling and Precision," Richard Wilbur on the daemon that is "The Genie in the Bottle," and Donald A. Stauffer on "Genesis, or The Poet as Maker."

Coffee Jag

By Barriss Mills

I DRINK too much coffee
and smoke too many cigarettes.
We tried Sanka, but it's not the same.
It's coffee keeps me alive—the stronger
and more of it the better.

I drink it hot and black
in a tall green cup that keeps it
from cooling off too fast.
I buy it in three-pound sacks
at the A & P. It smells wonderful,
coming home in the car.
I cook it in an aluminum thing
shaped like an hour-glass. Whenever
it runs dry, I fill it up again.

Right now, it's two a. m.
going on three, and I can't sleep
and I ought to be writing letters
or checks or doing something
useful. But I'd rather write
this poem in praise of coffee,
hot and black from the pot,
and cigarettes. That's something
worth being alive for, even
at two a. m. going on three.

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A Measure of Meter

"The Exclusions of a Rhyme," by J. V. Cunningham *(Alan Swallow. 120 pp. $3), displays in a comprehensive collection the wares of a poet who describes himself as an "engineer of meter, rhyme, and thought." Joseph Slater teaches English at Rutgers University.*

By Joseph Slater

ONLY the brilliance of the phrase that now serves as its title kept J. V. Cunningham, one suspects, from calling his book "Collected Poems." It includes not only his writings of the last decade but also his three previously published volumes, and single poems dating back to 1933.

This inclusiveness permits a study of the development of an extraordinary talent. No reader familiar with Cunningham's work will be surprised to learn from the jacket of this volume that he is by training a classicist and that he has "specialized in some odd things" like "the Latin poet Propertius." But it is surprising—and heartening—to find that this meticulous miniaturist was once capable of spoiling good poems with gingerbread like "ere," "albeit," "heady wine," and "fond head" and of ending the title-poem of his first volume with a line like "Naked thou liest in an unknown grave!"

Such embarrassments do not appear in the later poems. Neither do sentimental emotions, fashionable opinions, or innovations in poetic technique. Cunningham modestly calls himself an "engineer of meter, rhyme, and thought," and he is content with fashioning intricate engines that serve his mind and art as they served those of Landor, Pope, and Propertius. His mind is tough, disillusioned, and conservative. His art is terse, dry, and ironic. Philosophical conceits, wry inquiries into emotion, experience, and art: these are characteristically the substance of his later poems. Their form is traditional and symmetrical but varied, counterpointed, and syncopated. Their diction is precise and sophisticated. And beneath their cool patterns of reticence and abstraction glow interior fires of unexpected intensity.

By what seems a law of its nature, Cunningham's art has, during the development of twenty years, turned in a narrowing gyre. Each successive book has contained a higher proportion of what he calls epigrams: two-, three-, and four-line poems through which his ironies and insights are focused to burning points. There, paradoxically, his range is widest, and he distills not merely wisdom:

All hastens to its end. If life and love
Seem slow it is their ends we're ignorant of.

but fun:

Here lies my wife. Eternal peace
Be to us both with her decease.

and the drama of implication:

My dear, though I have left no sigh
Carved on your stone, yet I still cherish
Your name and your flesh will not die
Till I and my descendants perish.

In these epigrams there is—if not quite the apogee of Cunningham's art—then certainly its essence. With them he has restored to readers of modern poetry a pleasure which for too long a time they have had to do without.

STRENGTH IN WIT: The appearance of Josephine Miles's **"Poems, 1930-1960"** (Indiana University Press, $3.95) is one of the year's happiest events in poetry. Here is consistently distinguished and delightful work. Miss Miles early found her own style and attitudes, and she has worked with integrity and pleasure to make the world her verse defines as large as possible. Her poems, though, are characteristically as small as possible; few have made a couple of quatrains say so much, or with such grace. Miss Miles's tone—gravely insouciant, sweetly tough—is all her own. Her rectitude of feeling and exactness of language evoke continual felicities. The reader's pleasure grows with her maturing mastery, for good as are the early works, her more recent poems are her best.

Miss Miles confronts experience both openly and inwardly, and finds poems everywhere. With her ear for the colloquial and eye for the surprising delight in the ordinary, she makes poems both witty and compassionate about motels, advertisements, election campaigns, California's exploding population, drivers in traffic, buying a pair of shoes. She can sketch persons memorably in brief, characteristic actions, and she understands her people with a sympathy that is unsentimental. A complementary voice—passionate, contemplative, self-knowing—alternates with and reinforces the language that renders her exterior world.

In such poems as "The Idea of Joy," "Matter of Fact," "Increment," and "The Savages" her images lead us with tact and grace through the things described to inward truths. Miss Miles plays off against the brevity of her form a long phrase, a complete development of her central image (as in

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"Deed," where young George Washington chops down the tree of "The Cherry Tree Carol"!). Her method nurtures the full strength of wit but makes brief quotation difficult. Like her "Friend," her sensibility is "a singular complex of idiosyncratic qualities," moving, as in her poem "Barges," "like conscience toward the longest distance" to tell "How love, on the steadying screen, is many-splendored." One full poem (from "Ten Dreamers in a Motel") may suggest some of the pleasure Miss Miles can provide:

I went to consult a psychiatrist on this morning,
A nervous woman, whose curly-headed four-year-old child
Played in the room, sitting staunchly
On a great medical scales.

I defended myself thus. It looks as if
All this weariness came from too much work,
But rather I think it a problem of person,
Friend or foe, fortune of parent or pardon.

The nervous psychiatrist ran her hand through her hair
And glanced at her watch. Have you taken a trip lately,
It would do you good, and take your mother with you,
She needs it more than you do.

Then I laughed to hear my own prescription
Given to myself with such good humor
In the grey weariness. But then she said also,
Take with you also my curly-headed four-year-old child.

—Daniel G. Hoffman.

UP FROM MINORITY: Born in 1926, Christopher Logue is poet, reviewer, translator, and editor. He has served the customary term of esthetic exile in Paris, and his work has appeared in important British and Continental magazines. As far as I know, "**Songs**" (Obolensky, $3) is his first book of poems.

Like other "angry young men" of his generation, Logue can be cranky, proud of his ignorance, assured in his wrath, and sometimes quite good. He can also be clumsy and subliterate; but at his best he is fresh, and angry with some cause and skill. (The underprivileged and newly articulate young seem afraid—or glad—that Old England is dying, and sense that their newfound strength cannot be applied to any high purpose.) Protest, however, seeks out a program, and poetry can die quietly on the way; sometimes invigorated and sometimes hobbled in his attitudes, Logue has all the claims and liabilities of the home-made poet he lets us think he is.

Logue tends, like many self-labeled outsiders, to be erratic and diffuse, and so is at his steadiest, stylistically, in his translations (from Homer and Pablo Neruda). His own style can be old-fashioned in its inversions, archaisms, and pointlessly wild grammar. Poetic diction of the stalest water wars with the underworld of speech, with four-letter words which posture as modernity or rebellion. But only a real poet could make as horrid an image as: "The thief felt hairs grow on his heart."

There is plain and vibrant speech in several of these poems. I single out "The Story of Two Gentlemen and the Gardener," "She Sings," parts of "A Singing Prayer" (despite the truisms it trails behind), "Carol" (with its verve and poignancy), and "The Song of the Three Sisters," in which Logue commands his own magic: a powerful strangeness in short stanzas. His most ambitious piece, "The Story About the Road," is a parable which fails to become apparent; perhaps it is too clever, has too much Logue in it.

More than poems or a poet, what we have here is a poetic personality—one that struts and sometimes annoys, and other times charms and compels, but never lets us forget its presence. Christopher Logue is young, in every sense of the word. He is a poet, though, a minor poet struggling up from his minority. —Charles Philbrick.

PREFERENCE, PASSION: The most striking first book yet to appear in the Indiana University Poetry Series is "**A Correspondence of Americans**" ($2.75). The author, Jack Hirschman, has nothing to do with the Byzantine gentilities of the Poetry Workshop alumni; nor does he spill out the hophead pablum some craftless bards have ready-mixed for modish consumption. His method, based on verbal inventiveness and fused metaphor, rejects these fads for a symbolist approach reminiscent of Hart Crane's. This seems a viable basis for poetry. Mr. Hirschman indulges in no metric dogmatism; his rhythms are usually determined by the poem's necessities. His speech is individual, sometimes eccentric, often impassioned. His subjects are love, friendship, loss, his strength—in such poems as "A Marriage of Love and Death" and the long title poem—elegiac. He approaches experience in hopes "to lay down / Drumbeats and intellection's scars / And wake to name the things around by heart." Although he opts for passion in preference to "intellection" and disdains "the scholar / Who'll appear with incisions of pen," his best poems are thought as well as felt. His flaws are the faults of excess: occasioned wrenchings of sense or syntax, less discretion than sometimes seems advised. Yet the energy and invention of this book places Hirschman among the more interesting new poets of the 1960s. D. G. H.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SIXTY BOOKPEOPLE

Herewith sundry triads of characters from British and American novels. You are asked to associate the characters with their creators in Column Two. Answers on page 34, where will also be found the titles of the novels in which the characters appear.

1. Amanda Pynsent, Hyacinth Robinson, Anastasius Vetch	( )	Austen
2. Joe Harper, Muff Potter, Becky Thatcher	( )	Barrie
3. Diggery Venn, Eustacia Vye, Damon Wildeve	( )	Bennett
4. George Osborne, Amelia Sedley, Becky Sharp	( )	Cather
5. Sidney Ewart, George Ponderevo, Marion Ramboat	( )	Clemens
6. Constance Baines, Sophia Baines, Samuel Povey	( )	Doyle
7. Virgil Adams, Mildred Palmer, Arthur Russell	( )	Dreiser
8. Margaret Dishart, Rob Dow, Nanny Webster	( )	Faulkner
9. Francis Arabin, Eleanor Bold, Septimus Harding	( )	Hammett
10. Charles Drouet, George Hurstwood, Caroline Meeber	( )	Hardy
11. Marian Forrester, Niel Herbert, Ivy Peters	( )	Hemingway
12. Mahbub Ali, Arthur Bennett, Kimball O'Hara	( )	Huxley, A.
13. Charles Bon, Rosa Coldfield, Shreve McCannon	( )	James
14. Lady Brett Ashley, Jake Barnes, Robert Cohn	( )	Kipling
15. John Bidlake, Sidney Quarles, Lucy Tantamount	( )	Mitchell
16. Joel Cairo, Brigid O'Shaugnessy, Floyd Thorsby	( )	Steinbeck
17. Cathy Ames, Abra Bacon, Adam Trask	( )	Tarkington
18. Charles Hamilton, Frank Kennedy, Ashley Wilkes	( )	Thackeray
19. Robert Ferrars, Lucy Steele, John Willoughby	( )	Trollope
20. Mary Morstan, Thaddeus Sholto, Jonathan Small	( )	Wells

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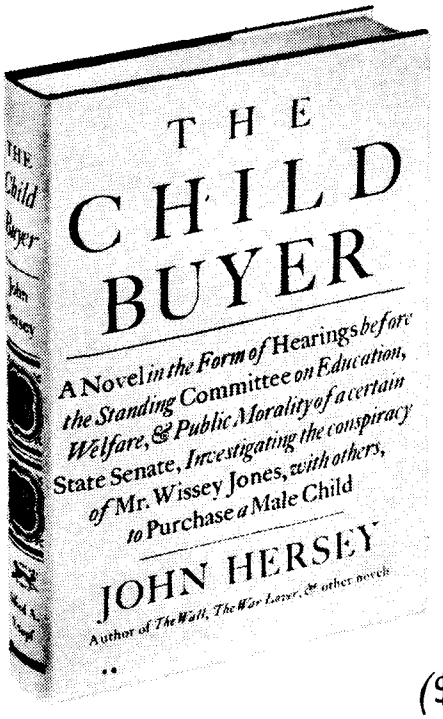
Catholics

Continued from page 19

mass of the Americans (including many Catholics) is America. By "under God," they don't mean under God but along with God (who is, of course, always judging the other nations, not the Americans). What is worshipped is the equivalent of "the Genius of Rome," Divus Caesar. I suspect that in the next generation those Catholics, Jews, and Protestants who really mean something by "the laws of Nature and of Nature's God" will be driven together—as a minority. And I share Father Murray's fears that American pragmatism and indifference to systematic reflection will be one of the country's worst handicaps in combating the false but powerful and commanding philosophy of Marxism.

POINT OF VIEW: Although what Donald McDonald has done in "**Catholics in Conversation: Interviews with Leading American Catholics**" (Lippincott, $3.95) is of value as history, the book is inevitably uneven. Some of the conversations are winning, worth reading, but they don't seem to me to have much to say about the role of the American Catholic in the United States today. Thus I read the conversation with Walter Kerr with pleasure and profit, but (apart from Mr. Kerr's being a Catholic) I couldn't see what its relevance was. Others were of deep interest indeed; the conversation on "Worship," for instance, can be recommended to inheritors of the Christ-centered evangelical tradition who want to know what Catholics say of Christ and how they say it. The interview with Dorothy Day is moving; we should remember her when some clerical or political lout makes the Roman Church ludicrous.

But in intrinsic importance Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., leads all the rest. Here is the division between the American (or Protestant) way of looking at the human situation and the Catholic way, which believes that some truths are to be held, are immutable, but are not quite self-evident. Here is thought, judgment, and the power of making distinctions. Father Weigel's brief discussion on what is meant or should be meant by "sincerity" is worth the price of admission: "Sincerity proves nothing and sincerity is the one thing that everybody achieves." How true, how timely. Hitler was sincere; so are some of the distressing Southern Baptists who harassed Senator Kennedy. I always remember the remark of that great man Elie Halévy; "Molière would have disliked Tartuffe even more if he had been sincere." —D.W.B.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Books in the News

Continued from page 17

jor issues such as economic growth, nuclear testing, education, Latin America, and farm policy—to mention a few. But, as Schlesinger points out, the public is not surprised when Nixon reverses himself—as it surely would be if Rockefeller were to come out against defense spending—because no one associates Nixon with any fixed set of political principles.

This bothers those of us who care about the Presidency—particularly in an age when a President's decision could mean life or death for us all.

For example, what Schlesinger calls his "eager, emphatic, unlimited flexibility" once enabled Nixon to favor U. S. military intervention in Indochina and then to condemn the notion ten days later. Impetuous utterances like this—and like his characterization of a nuclear test ban as "catastrophic nonsense"—can be expected from second-string politicians with no aspirations for higher office. But last January Mr. Nixon himself defined a desirable President as "a man who has judgment, a man who in a crisis will be cool, a man who won't go off half-cocked and give the appearance of leadership when, actually, his speaking out might be disastrous to the whole world."

If he meant what he said, Nixon seems to have disqualified himself from the Presidency. But is that what he meant? The trouble with Nixon is that you never know.

What we do know, and what clearly emerges from this book, is that Nixon is politically ambitious. So is Kennedy. But Schlesinger makes it plain that their motivations are not the same and calls this "the crucial difference" between the two men:

> Nixon wants to be President, not because he has things in mind which only the President can accomplish, but because, having reached the rung below the top, he is irresistibly impelled to climb to the top of the ladder. . . . For Nixon, the Presidency seems essentially a source of private gratification. For Kennedy, it is a means of public achievement. Both men are deeply ambitious. But Kennedy is ambitious because the Presidency alone would give him the power to fulfill purposes which have long lain in his mind and heart.

This is admittedly a subjective interpretation, but it is borne out by their public records—by how each has voted and what each has said in their fourteen years in government. And the value of Schlesinger's chapter on Kennedy is that it gives even his Democratic readers a new appreciation of their 1960 candidate. For the truth is that too many Democrats—especially those who became active because of Stevenson—are unaware of Kennedy's political philosophy as reflected by his actions in the Congress. Schlesinger has made it easier for them to understand why liberals like him and (like me) can work with as much dedication for Kennedy in 1960 as we did for Stevenson in 1952 or in 1956.

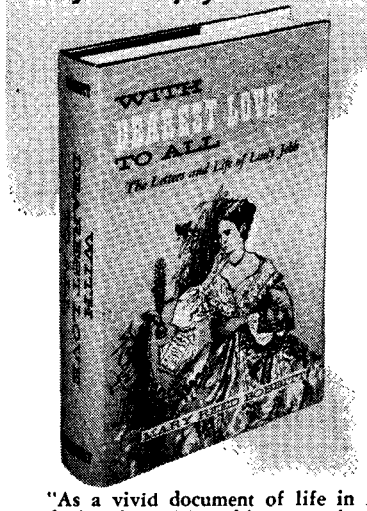
So this is a good and useful book for Democrats; I can think of no better shot in the arm for weary party workers in mid-campaign. Whether it will convert many Republicans depends largely on the degree of their emotional commitment to Nixon. But it will certainly disabuse them—or any other readers—of the notion that it makes no difference whom we elect.

Perhaps it will cause some Republicans to get out and work all the harder for Nixon. (I can hear them now: "Well, he's a sharp operator all right, but maybe that's what we need to deal with Khrushchev.") But perhaps others who already have nagging doubts about Nixon may find their doubts so

reinforced that they will stop working altogether.

For one of those nagging doubts may well be that in this age of grave and unprecedented crisis a nation that has produced a Jefferson, a Lincoln, a Wilson, and a Roosevelt—yes, and a Willkie and a Stevenson—could and should do better, much better, than a Richard Nixon. We who think so are for Kennedy. And I have a hunch that enough Americans will reach the same conclusion by November 8 to defeat Nixon by a landslide. If my hunch is right, Schlesinger's little book will have done its part.

If you enjoyed "Period Piece" you'll be enchanted*...



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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 19, 8, 6, 11, 2, 20, 10, 13, 16, 3, 14, 15, 1, 12, 18, 17, 7, 4, 9, 5. Titles of novels: 1. "The Princess Casamassima" (James). 2. "Tom Sawyer" (Clemens). 3. "The Return of the Native" (Hardy). 4. "Vanity Fair" (Thackeray). 5. "Tono Bungay" (Wells). 6. "The Old Wives' Tale" (Bennett). 7. "Alice Adams" (Tarkington). 8. "The Little Minister (Barrie). 9. "Barchester Towers" (Trollope). 10. "Sister Carrie" (Dreiser). 11. "A Lost Lady" (Cather). 12. "Kim" (Kipling). 13. "Absalom, Absalom!" (Faulkner). 14. "The Sun Also Rises" (Hemingway). 15. "Point Counter Point" (Huxley). 16. "The Maltese Falcon" (Hammett). 17. "East of Eden" (Steinbeck). 18. "Gone with the Wind" (Mitchell). 19. "Sense and Sensibility" (Austen). 20. "The Sign of Four" (Doyle).

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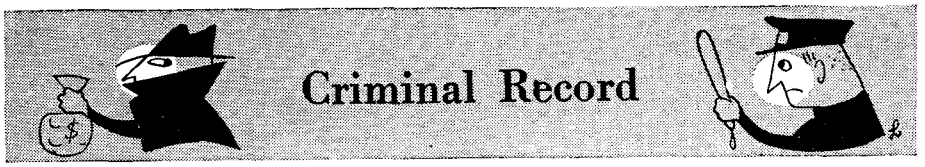

KEPT WOMEN CAN'T QUIT. *By A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner). Morrow.* $2.95. Armored truck robbery (hundred G-notes) gives Southern California team of Cool and Lam chance to display talents; murder adds sauce to party. Over-conversational, but interplay between partners is snappy as ever.

TO HAVE AND TO KILL. *By Robert Martin. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Jim Bennett, Cleveland eye, buys monkey suit to serve as best man, but murder of wedding principal puts him back in working clothes. Slow start but develops into a strong finish.

THE PASS BEYOND KASHMIR. *By Berkely Mather. Scribners.* $3.95. Free-lance British intelligence agent in India takes on assignment that involves perilous journey to Pakistan, edge of Tibet. Excellent travelogue, with high good humor, fast action.

THE 87th SQUAD. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Two good-length yarns ("The Con Man" and "Killer's Choice") recite further exploits of Detective Steve Carella and associates. Usual bang-bang jobs.

NOTHING TO DECLARE. *By Manning Coles. Crime Club.* $2.95. Twelve tales (England, Wales, Holland, Germany, Belgium, Austria) offer exploits of Tommy Hambleton, with Chief Superintendent Bagshott playing straight-man. Prime goods.

THE HOMICIDAL VIRGIN. *By Brett Halliday. Torquil-Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Michael Shayne's Case 38 starts with want ad addressed to Miami newspaper calling for soldier-of-fortune; mayhem and bloodshed then take over; much cognac absorbed. The mixture as before.

SWIM, RAT, SWIM. *By Jack Couffer. Lippincott.* $3.75. Party of five (two women) plus authentic rodent, aboard cruiser off Catalina, helpless when battery goes phut; corpses develop. This one will shiver your timbers.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER. *By Patrick Quentin. Random House.* $3.50. Manhattan mink set dithers when young matron stops lead; regular cops tag slayer. Characters unanimously uncharming.

THE MARRIAGE CODE. *By William Johnston. Lyle Stuart.* $3.95. New York house-organ editor, eager to "confess" murder, pours out his heart to cop friend. High-grade spoofery.

HOME IS THE PRISONER. *By Jean Potts. Scribners.* $2.95. After doing time for manslaughter, Western businessman returns to own bailiwick to find emotions tense and sees past reveal its secrets. Average.

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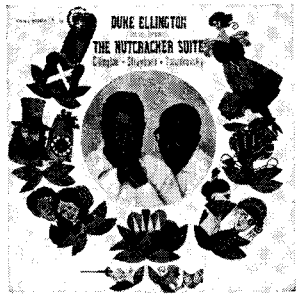

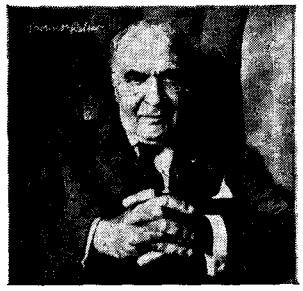

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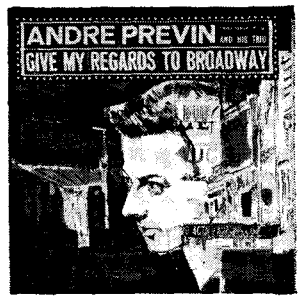

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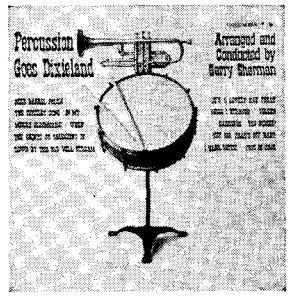

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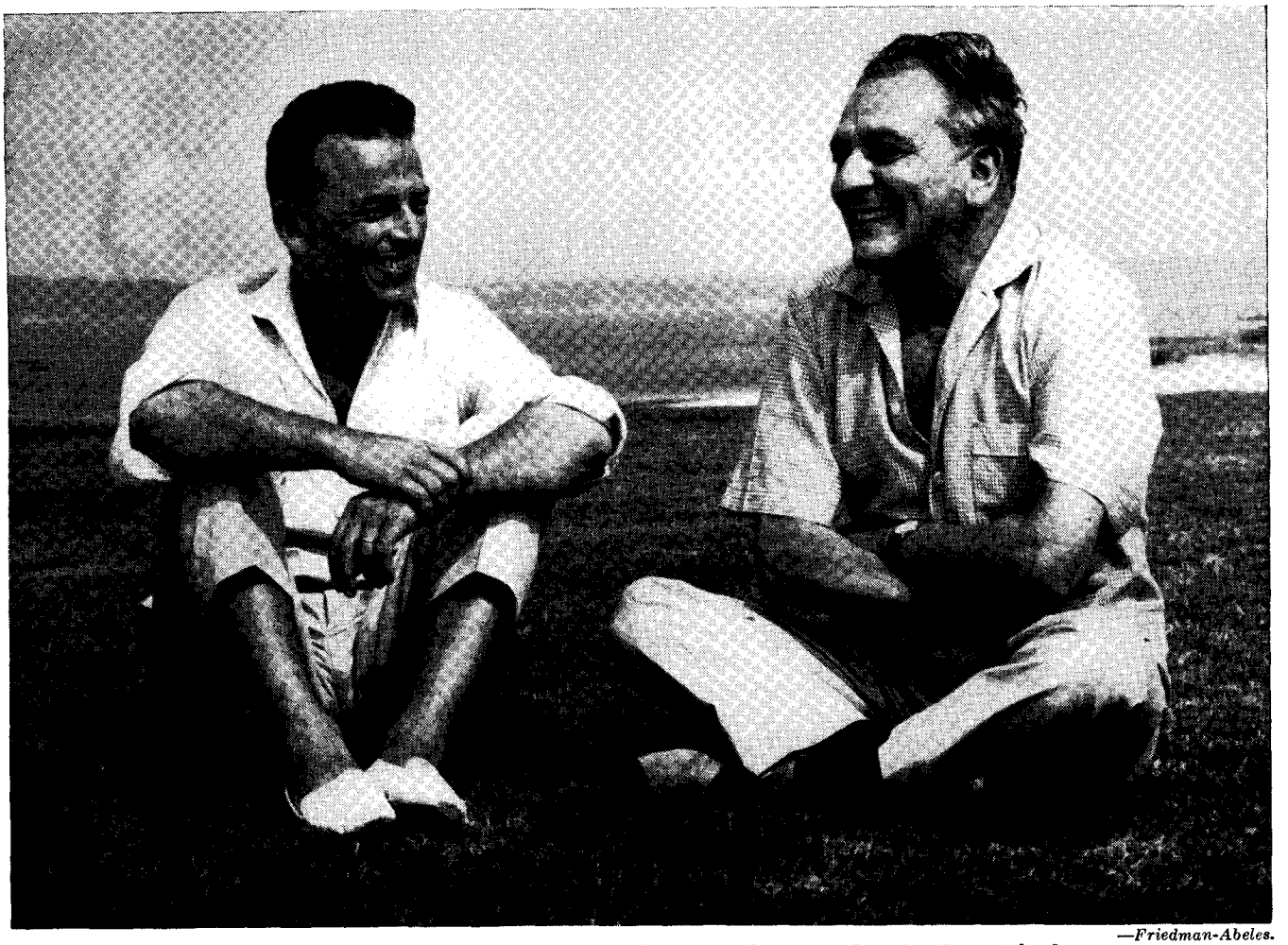

—*Friedman-Abeles.*

Alan Jay Lerner (left) and Frederick ("Fritz") Loewe relax at Sands Point, Long Island.

LIFE AND LOVE AND LERNER AND LOEWE

SR/RECORDINGS

OCTOBER 29, 1960

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By DAVID DACHS

"NOBILITY, that's what I hunger for," says Alan Jay Lerner. "Cynicism and corruption are a bore."

This subconscious rhyme reflects the point of view of the small-boned, thoughtful lyricist-librettist whose new musical, "Camelot," opens on Broadway December 3, with more than $3,500,000 in advance box office sale. He and composer Fritz Loewe have employed this philosophical and pragmatic yardstick in choosing the book for their first stage musical since "My Fair Lady" triumphantly arrived five years ago. (The Shavian musical is still running on Broadway.)

Choosing — and shaping — a "book" has become a trauma-producing experience with all Broadway musical theatre craftsmen, including Lerner and Loewe, since much depends on this basic core of strength. Today, most top Broadway composers and lyricists spend their time, not writing music and lyrics, but hunting for source material (original concepts, novels, plays, old movies, even magazine articles) to serve as the basis of a musical. The hunt is of Gargantuan proportions: Projects are started, worked on for eight months, then abandoned with the cry: "It won't work." Composer Burton Lane, for example, hasn't been heard of on Broadway for the thirteen years since his brilliant score for "Finian's Rainbow" in 1947.

What exactly do Broadway show writers look for in a musical comedy libretto? Recently Alan Jay Lerner, sitting comfortably in his Manhattan office (decorated with a blazing red-and-black Ben Shahn painting of a bird, and a regal Chinese horse drawing), observed: "Actually, every composer and lyricist, consciously and unconsciously, knows where his talents lie. There has to be something in a given story that delights him.

"I am in love with the romantic

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theatre: pre-Ibsen, pre-Chekhov. The non-naturalistic theatre. Theatre theatre. I frown on actuality. I can't see a musical with a sordid background, taking place in a lonely room between two shy people. That would bore me. I can't depict that, am not interested in it. Also, subjects like perversion and incest may belong in the theatre, but not in my 'books.'

"I look for characters I can fall in love with, that amuse me, a locale that's interesting. Actually, if the source material doesn't *seem* like a musical, *that* attracts me, too."

Lerner, now forty-two, has discovered germinal "books" in the most unlikely places; they have often been jogged by personal experiences. For example, when this mixture of well-bred aristocratic elan and democratic outlook was bothered by marital problems, he got the idea for "Love Life," an examination of love from Colonial America to modern times (score by Kurt Weill). When living in New York's Algonquin Hotel, he awoke one lovely day and told Fritz Loewe that it was like the day before spring. And that was the genesis of "A Day Before Spring." Once this son of a wealthy retail merchant, Joseph Lerner of Lerner Shops, decided to pay a visit to a Hollywood friend making a picture in the gold-mining country of Sonora, California. There he was stimulated to work on "Paint Your Wagon," the story of the life and death of a gold-mining town.

THE source material for "Camelot" is a word-packed, small-type, 667-page novel by T. H. White, out of which Lerner has to fashion a "playing book" of approximately 120 typewritten pages, double-spaced, with lyrics yet. This beautifully written book, "The Once and Future King," hardly seems ideal material for a musical since it sprawls in time, has an epic quality, is almost an encyclopedic history of medieval life, and has a tragic ending.

But there's more to "The Once and Future King" than the world of knights in burnished armor, the great throne rooms, jousting, and the history of stained glass. There is, for example, the touching story of the ill-fated triangle involving King Arthur, his wife Lady Guinevere, and his best friend, Sir Lancelot. And beyond all this, important themes are dramatized: the problems of law, justice, friendship, the desire for a warless world.

"Actually, the Round Table of King Arthur's day is a sort of idealization of the U.N. Everybody sitting around the table, talking peace, trying to create peace," said Lerner.

Lerner and his fifty-six-year-old collaborator, Fritz Loewe, whose basic seriousness is combined with a striking *bon vivant* vivacity, felt impelled to make a stage musical out of this multi-scened novel, because it fits their basic yardstick. Here, they had a property that is inherently "romantic theatre" (spectacle, color, grandeur) bearing on man's basic decency and humanistic yearnings.

Making the decision to work on "Camelot" was harder than finding the property. "A chap in the office," says Lerner, "read a rave review of the novel, and that set the whole thing off."

ACTUALLY, Lerner is not bombarded with ideas for musicals, as you might think. "I get very little from agents. Sometimes people suggest ideas. Occasionally I get ideas from Hollywood writers. All in all, I get perhaps a dozen scripts a year. I also get some from amateurs and crackpots. For legal reasons, I don't read them."

Once Lerner and Loewe had chosen "Camelot," Lerner proceeded to mold the material. For this, he employs an unusual method: "I talk the story out. I think it out. And then, I work out an outline. Not a precise outline, but a detailed one. That's because I don't want to confine the story too much. I want the people to come alive.

"Then Fritz and I write three-quarters of the score. After that I can't wait to write the play proper, and I generally write it in a rush, in three weeks, day and night. My main tack in book writing and in the songs is to dramatize the key conflicts and character traits. Once you provide the outline, write three-quarters of the score, and do the book, it becomes clear what other songs you need for balance and variety."

Lerner's reluctance to hammer out a book from beginning to end is based on his desire to keep the story as lean as a greyhound. Says he: "The trouble with books is, if you finish them completely in the beginning they're generally too long. You have to explain so much, give so much exposition. In our method we've discovered we don't have to say so much if we do it in words and music. I always say we should be telling the story in song, dance, and divertissement."

No choreographer's delight, Lerner is fond of keeping the dance strictly under wraps. He has a horror of the "story ballet." "If there is a long ballet," he says, "I feel we should be telling that story in words and music. The only dancing we have in 'My Fair Lady' is Doolittle on a spree in the exuberance of his last bachelor night before getting married. Also the embassy ball. We don't think the choreographer should be asked to do what you should be doing as a dramatist, composer, or lyricist." Incidentally, though Lerner and Loewe strive for economy, on opening night in Toronto "Camelot" ran more than four hours, which suggests that Lerner and Loewe overwrote to see "what went."

BOOK writer Lerner approached his characters in "Camelot" in terms of modern concepts and psychology, not with a medievalist's eye. "The people can't be period," he explains. "They speak a plain English prose. Helping us, too, in the writing, was the fact that we knew our cast in advance, so we could write to the vocal and acting qualities of our stars: Richard Burton as King Arthur, Julie Andrews as Lady Guinevere, and Robert Goulet as Sir Lancelot." (Goulet, incidentally, is a disc jockey favorite of Canadian radio.)

Did Lerner do any special historical research? He recalls, "I read 'Morte d'Arthur' by Malory, and William Morris's 'Defense of Guinevere.' I didn't read Tennyson. I also did a little digging into the period, but not much. It was White's witty, poignant, and often irreverent attitude toward Arthur and his medieval knights that fascinated me. With his blessing, I coined my own plot from the multiple plots with which his exhilarating work teems."

The talented young craftsman tackles book writing by finding the marrow of people and situations—and sticking to them for dear life. Essential to his grease-paint ideology are the key conflicts and attitudes of his characters. To describe his method, he always brings up "My Fair Lady." Professor Higgins is 1) passionate about phonetics and 2) a devout hater of women. So, in the "book" and in the songs are materials about these two aspects of Higgins, which are exemplified in two songs: "Why Don't the English" (phonetics) and "I'm an Ordinary Man" (satirical of women).

Worth noting is that Lerner is a better lyricist because he's a librettist and a better "book" writer because he's a lyricist. The reason? In a modern, integrated musical a song is a dramatic concept. It is trying to move the story along. Thus when Lerner shapes a book his intimate knowledge of what story points can be made dramatically and amusingly in songs is of crucial aid in the construction of a powerful theatrical entity.

His attitude toward songs, therefore, is of interest. "I hate love songs where the boy tells the girl, 'I love you.' They bore me. The scene where the lovers

(*Continued on page* 54)

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THE CANDIDATES AND THE ARTS

With the Presidential election only days away, Saturday Review is privileged to present the views of the major candidates on some matters of public interest. This letter and the appended questionnaire were dispatched on September 1.

Among the subjects with which the next administration will have to deal is the claim of art and artists to government recognition, encouragement, and assistance. Though not the gravest issue before the country, it is far from the least if our culture is to attain the growth of which it is capable. As it may involve Congressional legislation and executive action, it would be helpful for voters with an active interest in the arts to know the attitude of the candidates of the two major parties on certain key questions.

With that in view, *Saturday Review* invites your attention to the following questionnaire. We would welcome any over-all statement on the question you would care to make, as well as answers in detail to the specific questions. The answers of yourself and your opponent will be published verbatim, jointly, in a forthcoming issue of *Saturday Review*. If it is possible for you to mail or wire the reply by October 1, we would have it for the issue of October 29, which would be our preference.

1. Are you in favor of a Secretary of Culture (parallel to the Ministry of Fine Arts in some European countries) with cabinet rank and broad authority in this field?
2. To what extent should the Federal Government assist in the support of symphony orchestras, museums, opera companies, etc.?
3. Through its grants to foreign nations, the Federal Government has, in effect, underwritten cultural activities in many friendly nations. What is its responsibility to such activities in this country?
4. Would you, if elected, continue the Cultural Exchange program with the USSR and its satellites?
5. If so, on the same scale as now? On a larger scale? On a reduced scale?
6. Do you believe this comes properly under the jurisdiction of the State Department, or should it be administered by a Secretary of Culture?
7. What are your views on the National Cultural Center which has received a Congressional grant of land in Washington? Would you recommend the use of public funds to bring it into being?
8. Do you consider the encouragement of art, in the broadest sense, and artists a function of the Federal Government or one more properly left to state and municipal authorities?
9. As the "Voice of America" is broadly representative of the people of the United States, it also represents its culture. How effectively do you think this is being done at the present time?
10. Would you support a program to give pay TV equal status with free network television as it now exists?

The *Saturday Review* thanks you on behalf of its readers for your consideration of its request.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Irving Kolodin

Associate Editor

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RICHARD M. NIXON

Dear Mr. Kolodin:

I THOROUGHLY SHARE your view that, if our culture is to attain the growth of which it is capable, a great deal of effort, both public and private, is essential. It is through the arts that the spirits of men communicate. For this reason, I believe cultural exchange and growth stand close to the center of our world-wide struggle for the principle of human freedom.

While America is a young country in the history of world culture, its achievements are notable. Although there were fewer than 100 symphony orchestras in our country in 1920, there are more than 11,000 today, many of them of the highest professional standards. Every major city now has its "good music" radio station. Long-playing classical records account for a substantial proportion of record sales.

Over 700 opera groups are active. Hundreds of thousands of our younger people now play in orchestras and bands. There has been a spectacular increase and improvement of the off-Broadway theatres, in summer stock, and in university dramatics.

Today we have more widespread exhibitions of first-class painting and sculpture, and more cities with at least one distinguished work of contemporary architecture. Our American architects are world famous.

The earlier trickle of foreign students at American universities, and Americans studying abroad, has become a respectable stream. Today, nearly 50,000 foreign students are studying in America, while some 14,000 of our own students are enrolled abroad.

In short, our measurable trend in the arts does not indicate an America that lacks cultural consciousness. Far from it. I believe we are at the beginning of our cultural thrust. But I also believe that what we have achieved in the art field is only a start in relation to what we must do.

In answer to your specific questions:

In my opinion, it would be better, at this time, to appoint an Advisory Council on the Arts, composed of the best-qualified Americans in all the cultural fields, than a Secretary of Culture. In this way, the views of a larger

(*Continued on next page*)

JOHN F. KENNEDY

Dear Mr. Kolodin:

I WILL ATTEMPT to answer the *Saturday Review* questionnaire as completely as possible.

1. The government cannot order that culture exist, but the government can and should provide the climate of freedom, deeper and wider education, and intellectual curiosity in which culture flourishes. If I thought the addition of a Secretary of Culture to the Cabinet would insure culture, I would be for it. I do not think such a department would accomplish the purpose. It might even stultify the arts, if wrongly administered. We have more than enough conformity now.

The platform of the Democratic Party proposes a Federal advisory agency "to assist in the evaluation, development and expansion of cultural resources of the United States. We shall support legislation needed to provide incentives for those endowed with extraordinary talent as a worthy supplement to existing scholarship programs."

If the people send me to the White House, I shall push this program. A gifted child deserves the finest education this nation can provide. He is a national asset, whether his gift is to paint, write, design a jet airliner or a dramatic set, or explore the cosmos with a radio telescope. His worth cannot be estimated in the ledgers of the budgeteers.

2. The Federal Government already operates the National Gallery and the Freer and Corcoran Galleries, plus the magnificent Smithsonian museum. The Library of Congress is perhaps the world's greatest repository of culture. The National Archives preserves the historical record of the nation. I favor expansion of all these facilities so that all citizens have easier access to the cultural resources now centered in Washington. I do not believe Federal funds should support symphony orchestras or opera companies, except when they are sent abroad in cultural exchange programs.

3. The Democratic Party has accepted the responsibility of participating in the advance of culture. We fight for an end to apathy and a renaissance of purpose in America. We intend that our children be prepared, in

(*Continued on next page*)

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NIXON

number of competent professionals in the several arts could be heard nationally. This Council should make recommendations to the President and Congress as to the best line of federal action in support of artistic endeavor. It might also be helpful in suggesting steps by which State and local governments might stimulate private cultural activities.

Legislation to create such a Council has been introduced in Congress with broad bipartisan backing. I support this idea, and will work for its passage.

In response to your question whether the encouragement of art, in the broadest sense, should be a function of the federal government or one more properly left to local authorities, my position is that both the federal and local authorities have a proper role to play. Obviously, the building of local civic and art centers is primarily a matter for local authorities. However, programs such as our present international cultural exchange programs are clearly much more suitable to federal assistance.

We must, of course, remember that in America the pursuit of culture is an individual matter. We do not have a state controlled or state directed culture. Assistance, therefore, should be indirect—scholarships, exchange programs, encouragement rather than subsidy.

As an illustration, the United States Government already has committed itself to support the building of a National Cultural Center in Washington. This Center, to be constructed with private funds, was conceived with full bipartisan support as an effort to promote creative activities and the performing arts throughout the nation. I personally pledge full support to the successful realization of this project.

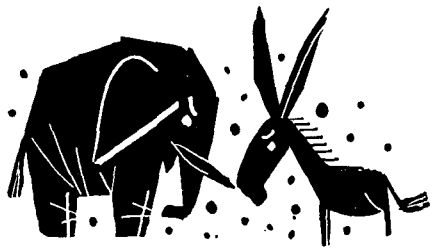
With reference to our international cultural exchange programs, we must continue to encourage and expand our efforts in this direction. Our arts, industries and sciences are open to the world. We welcome persons from abroad who want to have the opportunity to learn our ways and come to know more about us. In turn, Americans have much to learn from these visitors and from our trips abroad.

I can see no reason to limit these exchange programs in terms of their geographical scope. Unless unusual circumstances would warrant a change, I would continue to support the cultural exchange program with the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries—on the same scale as now with a view to future expansion.

In my view, these programs are best managed under the direction of the State Department. Cultural exchange programs necessitate a great deal of intergovernmental cooperation, and the State Department is in a unique position to make the necessary arrangements. I think the operation of the Voice of America—which I regard as a highly successful program—illustrates the point. We should give consideration to expanding and improving the Voice of America program because it has done such an effective job up to now.

I hope these views will be of interest to readers of the *Saturday Review* and I am grateful for the opportunity to express them.

Sincerely,
RICHARD M. NIXON



KENNEDY

education, health, and vision, to challenge a world of exploding technology—of great present danger but unlimited hope. Our children will reach, literally, for the stars. Ours is the renascent party—the party of humanity, of strength, of leadership.

Our philosophy is quite simple. When an organism stops growing, it starts dying. This is true for nations as well as as men, and for spirit and mind as well as material things. I am determined that we begin to grow again, and that there be an American renaissance in which imagination, daring, and the creative arts point the way.

4. Certainly.

5. On a larger scale. If every student in the USSR and the satellites could tour the United States and compare what they see with what they have been told, I would have little fear of future wars. Conversely, Americans have much to learn abroad. One of our greatest strategic shortages is knowledge of foreign languages.

6. The State Department.

7. The National Cultural Center should be erected as speedily as possible. The private contributions have been welcome and helpful, and I hope will continue.

8. The encouragement of art, in the broadest sense, is indeed a function of government. It has always been so, in a tradition that extends from the most glorious days of Greece. It will be the responsibility of the advisory agency, which will be appointed in accordance with the pledge of the Democratic Platform, to decide in what manner this shall be done.

At this moment, the Federal Government acts as art patron to only one person—the Consultant in Poetry and English at the Library of Congress. And his salary is paid through a private, anonymous bequest.

I think we can do better than that, if only by alleviating the unfair tax burden borne by writers, painters, and other creative artists. They may exist on small incomes for years to perfect their skills, and then be plundered by the Treasury in a single year of plenty.

But the problem is not simply one of money. It is one of attitude. It is a question of whether we are more interested in reading books or making book, in Maverick or Macbeth, Zorro rather than Zola, Peter Gunn or Peter Gynt. In this day of crisis, "Wisdom is better than strength . . . a wise man better than a strong one."

If this nation is to be wise as well as strong, if we are to achieve our destiny, then we need more new ideas for more wise men reading more good books in more public libraries. These libraries should be open to all—except the censor. We must know all the facts and hear all the alternatives and listen to all the criticisms. Let us welcome controversial books and controversial authors. For the Bill of Rights is the guardian of our security as well as our liberty.

9. The Voice of America should be revitalized and strengthened. The Voice is only one part—short-wave broadcast—of the United States Information Agency. Short-wave radio is the media best suited to carrying news, commentary, and music. At this time, the most popular program is American jazz, which, incidentally, is very good propaganda. The news operation should be speeded. It is in a life-and-death competition with Radio Moscow and Tass. With television becoming more important the world over, I feel that the USIA should also concentrate on producing documentaries for foreign broadcast.

10. Pay TV is currently being tested in both the United States and Canada. I prefer to reserve judgment until these tests give definitive evidence upon whether pay TV is in the current interest.

Sincerely,
JOHN F. KENNEDY, U.S.S.

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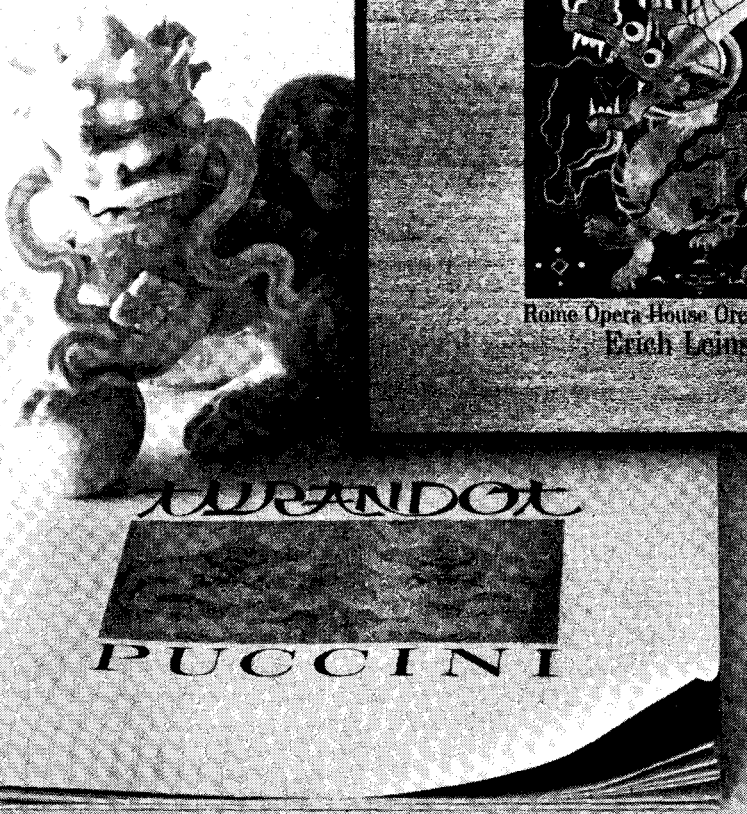
— IRVING KOLODIN, SATURDAY REVIEW.



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Recordings in Review

A Vocal Classic by Souzay

DØRUMSGAARD: *"Jägerleben," "Om Dagen Vid mitt Arbete," "Preletel Slavicek," "Kullen Ylistys"; "I'm Goin' Away";* BRAHMS: *"Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund";* VUILLERMOZ: *"Une Perdriole";* CANTELOUBE: *"Bailero";* MUSSORGSKY: *"Savishna";* GRIEG: *"Til Norge";* OVALLE: *"Azulalaò";* GUARNIERI: *"Sái Arnê";* BROCKWAY: *"The Nightingale";* HUGHES: *"The Stuttering Lovers";* BURATTI: *"La Barcheta";* SFAKIANAKIS: *"Dourou-dourou";* NIN: *"Granadina." Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. Capitol* SG 7224, $5.98.

Once in what seems like an aeon of record-listening, a disc comes along that leaves no doubt to the listening ear that this is *it*—an issue destined for inclusion in anybody's list of the year's Best Ten, composed in equal parts of enterprise, technical resource, and artistic excellence. When it happens, even more rarely, to involve the unique element of vocal personality, then you may safely assume that it will continue to be played and replayed for years to come.

Such a record, without doubt, is this superb collection of seventeen songs from fourteen countries, in which the familiar qualities of voice and style which have made Souzay an artist of consequence since his introduction on London a decade ago are mated with a maturity of purpose that promotes him to a new category of artistic distinction. This is one for whose admission a singer should be equipped to perform in the fourteen languages or dialects which trip smoothly from Souzay's tongue (including Finnish, Portuguese, and Greek), with the verve of his "Jägerleben" (a folkish antecedent of Schubert to which the astute Dørumsgaard has mated a piano accompaniment derived from the latter's "Der Musensohn," thus completing the circle of influence), the misty, far-off quality of the lovely "Bailero" from Canteloube's "Songs of the Auvergne," the sentiment of the Brazilian "Azualaò," the humor of "The Stuttering Lovers" (sung with a tasty Irish brogue by the French-born Souzay), or the impassioned directness of the Venetian "La Barcheta."

—*Yvonne Chevalier.*

Gerard Souzay—"a new category of artistic distinction."

By this effort Souzay has given vivid demonstration of the real purpose for which one fights the battle of vocal technique: not to make pretty sounds (though his are pretty enough), or to sing loud and fast, soft and slow (he can do both well), or top notes and low notes (his are sound at both extremes and in between as well), but to communicate some of the eloquence and meaning, beauty and power of the literature for one's voice. That much of that literature on this disc is unfamiliar as well as of high quality merely adds to the stated conviction that Capitol SG 7224 is a vocal classic born in 1960 and destined for long life. Appropriately, Dalton Baldwin's piano-playing shares the artistic level of Souzay's singing, which is to say it is *premier cru*. The same goes for the sound, too.

The School of Gieseking

DEBUSSY: *"Clair de lune," "Reflets dans l'eau," "Pagodes," "Soirée dans Grenade," "Jardins sous la pluie," "Rêverie," "Danse," "Ballade," "Masques," "Nocturne." Werner Haas, piano.* Epic BC 1100, $5.98.

Walter Gieseking did, after all, leave something more than some wonderful records and a host of unforgettable memories. He left, in young Werner Haas (whose name I never heard prior to the arrival of this record), a disciple who may, at some time in the future, make a name for himself in the same literature. So far he is walking in the shadow of the great man, but at least he is on the right side of the street.

It was perhaps natural, in view of the Germanic name of Haas, to affiliate a first listening to his playing of "Rêverie," "Masques," and "Nocturne" with his great predecessor of the Rhineland. It was only on consulting the sleeve (a model of informative procedure this time) that it came to light that Haas, still in his twenties, "became the pupil of the celebrated Walter Gieseking" at eleven, that he was born in Stuttgart of musical parents and has concertized widely, including appearances in France, where the Gieseking comparison has been drawn by critics of *Combat* and *Livres de France*.

The likeness comes not only through a sympathetic and fluid feeling for the chosen works, but even more in the actual sound of the playing — a distinctly crisp way of striking the strings in rapid passages, of urging a phrase to a climax, an ability to perpetuate the sound (through pedal as well as fingers) that makes the piano close to the one thing it is not: an instrument of legato. To be sure, it is far easier to reproduce a masterpiece (even of interpretation) than to create one, but Haas does it so convincingly that one can only conclude he has assimilated as much as he has imitated. Excellent piano sound.

The Voice of Aafje Heynis

RITTER, C.: *"O amantissime sponse Jesu";* BACH: *"Gott soll allein mein Herze haben." Aafje Heynis, "contralto," with the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra and chorus of the Netherlands Bach Society conducted by Anthon van der Horst.* Epic BC 1077, $5.98.

This record sleeve contains no information at all about Miss Heynis, save to identify her as a "contralto," which she is not. However, one cannot take issue with David Johnson's use of the space at his disposal to document the not too frequently performed (and not recently available) work of Bach, nor his words on behalf of the little-known Ritter (*circa* 1645-1725). It is, simply, that one would like to know more about Miss Heynis, whose picture suggests a woman in her early thirties and whose voice is an expressive, beautifully controlled mezzo (as previously demonstrated in the Brahms "Alto Rhapsody" she shared with Van Beinum).

What is more, it is singularly apt for the uses to which it is put on this disc. It has ample agility for the mildly florid line of Ritter's ingratiating work (Johnson describes it as "a kind of sacred wedding cantata"), as well as

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sufficient weight for the Bach arias. Her work here leaves little doubt that she is a musician of perception and resource, able to impart gravity to such sentiments as "Gott soll allein mein Herze haben" ("God alone shall have my heart") without reducing the listener to somnolence. In addition, she sings Latin and German with equal clarity.

Both works profit from the methodical leadership of Anthon van der Horst, the thoroughly good singing of the chorus, and the playing of both the orchestra and the unidentified organist. The identification of them as "recorded at the Holland Festival" is a better advertisement for that enterprise than a four-color brochure. Open, clear recording, which seems to reproduce some church-like surrounding, is also helpful.

Budapest "Middle" Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets, Opera 59, 74, and 95. Budapest Quartet.* Columbia Stereo M4S 610, $23.92.

As record reviewers (or this one at least) rarely have the opportunity at this time of year to listen to discs which are not in line of duty, the appearance of such an issue as this is greeted with a double measure of interest. For with the search for information about a consequential new issue goes the purely personal pleasure of several hours with some of the greatest music, quartet or otherwise, ever written.

And it might be boldly stated that in the thirty-odd years in which these works have been a part of that personal listening experience, they have never sounded better than they do today. It has sometimes been my thought that the C major (Opus 59, No. 3) is the "weakest" of the "Rasoumovsky" quartets; but what an insignificant distinction that is! Certainly nobody but Beethoven could have written its slow movement and the final fugue, which, for all its fussiness, is a stirring piece of music.

However, if the works show no sign of deterioration in three decades, as much cannot be said for the performing group. For one who has been not merely an admirer but a devotee of the Roismann - Schneider - Kroyt-Schneider ensemble even before it came to America in 1932, it is disheartening to hear, along with the authority and warmth, the wisdom and finesse of old, a perpetual insecurity of pitch, not only in solo lines at the top of the staff, but in chordal structures and inner voices. It is not my purpose to point a finger of suspicion —all the players are guilty at one time

(*Continued on page* 62)

"Das Lied" by Fischer-Dieskau

Fischer-Dieskau—"no technical challenge, high or low."

MAHLER: *"Das Lied von der Erde." Murray Dickie, tenor, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki.* Angel stereo 3607 B, $11.96.

The classic formula for evolving a good "new" idea — combining two knowns to make an unknown—has been pursued to perfection by the well-versed Victor Olof (Angel artist and repertory executive) in this fine new recording. Moreover, there is nothing in the least controversial about the choice of baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in place of the usual mezzo, for Mahler's score plainly permits that alternative ("for tenor, contralto, [or baritone], and orchestra," it reads). The more remarkable thing is that "Das Lied" has waited so long for a recording in this form. So far as I can determine, it has rarely if ever had such a performance in New York, from the earliest by Stokowski with Tilly Koenen and Johannes Sembach in 1916 to the most recent by Walter with Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis last spring. (Evidence to the contrary will be gratefully acknowledged.)

The probability is, however, that baritones will be deterred in the future only by risk of comparison with the peerless artistry of Fischer-Dieskau, his penetration, vocally and artistically, to the essence of Mahler's creation. It is absorbing to hear that the change of timbre—he sings the notes as written, of course—imparts some new shadings and undercurrents to Mahler's expression, as, for example, in section No. 2 ("Der Einsame im Herbst"), which acquires a Kurvenalish likeness to the third act of "Tristan" which it has never had, for me, before. It is also rather clear that the texts suit the personality of a male singer as well as (if not better than) they do the great female ones who have been its lauded interpreters these many years—Mmes. Cahier, Matzenauer, Olszewska, Thorborg, Szantho, Tourel, Ferrier, Nikolaidi, Merriman, Forrester, among others. And for a voice of Fischer-Dieskau's flexibility, range, and quality, there is no technical challenge, high or low, to impede the flow of beautiful sound.

Some argument could be advanced that two male voices provide less contrast than the usual alternation of tenor and mezzo. It is too bad, at that, that Mahler did not provide an alternative for the tenor, whose usual technical problems are not absent from the intelligent but strained singing of Murray Dickie. If anyone should devise a practical (if unauthorized) evasion of the double dilemma, Fischer-Dieskau should certainly remain the baritone, if only to intone "Ich wandle nach der Heimat" as beautifully as he does here. Conductor Kletzki and his superb instrumental soloists make this closing burst of eloquence a kind of chamber music echo to the long chain of orchestral effects which have preceded.

In contrast to most LP predecessors, Angel uses part of Side 4 for the last five minutes of "Der Abschied." The pros and cons of this are simple: Should an additional break be tolerated in order to give full scope to the instrumental effects and the dying-away "Ewig" at the end? For my taste the aural justification is clear, especially as the point of separation (page 139 in the full Boosey and Hawkes score) comes after a lengthy orchestral interlude and before the singer resumes with the words "Er stieg vom Pferd und reichte ihm den Trunk." This sustains the uncommon clarity of detail in the oboe, flute, and "mandolina" solos which distinguishes the recording as a whole right down to the end. And in adding the Adagietto from the Fifth Symphony as "encore," Kletzki further strengthens his claim to recognition among the best Mahler conductors of the time. This shining achievement will provide thought-provoking listening for enthusiasts for "Das Lied," for Fischer-Dieskau or, merely, for music.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bizet: "Carmen." Morton Gould conducting. RCA Victor LSC 2437, $5.98.	Substantially, this is what used to be recorded (though at briefer extent) as a "Carmen" suite by Beecham or Stokowski. In addition to spreading his excerpts over two sides, Gould has sketched in some instrumental replacements of his own for the absent voices, with variable results. They are best when least noticeable, rather less good when a mellophone (or what sounds like it) is substituted for the tenor voice in the "Air de Fleur." Gould's conducting is efficient enough by ordinary standards, lacking, however, the specifically Carmenesque element provided by others.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Rudolf Kempe conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7208, $5.98.	Kempe has a sure sense of where the music is in this sizable work, and he pursues it at a suitable pace and with a strong sense of ultimate direction. He also keeps the players under control, save in the finale, where the accelerations are sometimes theirs rather than his. As a totality, however, taking into consideration what this orchestra has to offer in its solo talent as well as in its sections and choirs, this version stands high among those available in stereo. Nor should this be considered a muted compliment: Kempe's Brahms compares well with the best of recent times.
Brahms: Concerto No. 2. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia MS 6156, $5.98.	This is Serkin's third recording of this work (all with Ormandy) and by much the best of them. Unlike some artists whose conception of so sizable a work, once formed, tends to settle into a rigid pattern, Serkin has strengthened his command of the dramatic values in the music without sacrificing warmth or lyric feeling. It is on a scale of mastery accessible only to such as Backhaus, Horowitz, and Rubinstein, all of whom were established in their orbits when Serkin was but a satellite to Adolf Busch. Thus it represents a degree of growth uncommon (and noteworthy) at any time. Ormandy's participation is worthy of the work, the soloist, and the fine orchestra. The stereo sound has concert-hall definition and fullness.
Dvorak: Symphonies No. 2, 4, and 5. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic BSC 109, $17.94.	Szell's No. 2 is equal in excellence to the previously issued Nos. 4 and 5, which may in time lead some otherwise unindoctrinated listeners from the familiar "New World" to the less familiar but no less attractive Nos. 4 and 2. There may be others whose ideas of one or another of these works are more stirring than Szell's (Walter's well-remembered No. 4 for one, or the Toscanini or Reiner No. 5), but together they make a thoroughly integrated, beautifully performed, and flawlessly reproduced entity.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 ("Italian"); Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic BC 1098, $5.98.	The musical inclinations of Sawallisch (better known to date as an operatic than a symphonic conductor) are all straightforward, undevious, and sensible. He does not strive for unorthodox ways of attracting attention in these altogether orthodox scores, concentrating on clean, clear articulation and a maximum of ensemble efficiency. The results he achieves with the not ordinarily impressive Vienna Symphony are much to his credit.
Prokofiev: Concerto No. 2, Opus 16. Malcolm Frager, piano, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by René Leibowitz; Haydn: Sonata No. 35 in E flat. Frager. RCA Victor LSC 2465, $5.98.	Frager's success in last year's Leventritt competition would not ordinarily result in this kind of opportunity so quickly, but he has more recently won the Brussels "Queen Elisabeth" contest, which makes a difference. Frager proved his capacities as a Prokofiev pianist in Carnegie Hall last September; those attributes of power, precision, and sensitivity are intensified by the attentive microphones and the good support of Leibowitz. Clearly he is an artist of whom only the best can be expected. His Haydn is deft and tasteful, but a bit colorless—no novelty in this composer's keyboard works, which very few have managed to make interesting.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2. Alfred Wallenstein conducting the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. Capitol SP 8386, $5.98.	Rachmaninoff is a composer for whom Wallenstein has not only prime sympathy but also an uncommon way of making persuasive. Some of this relates to his treatment of the strings, which are allowed to play their lyric passages with natural, appropriate vibrato rather than being forced into excesses of sound as well as style. The outcome is a performance of breadth and momentum which, nevertheless, preserves musical proportion without laboring Rachmaninoff's far from subtle purpose. Powerful, well-centered stereo sound.
Respighi: "Fountains" and "Pines of Rome." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2436, $5.98.	Toscanini re-created few things more convincingly than these works, and the task of replacing his version in the RCA catalogue is a challenge as well as an opportunity. Reiner's achievement is among his most imposing, for he meets the challenge, artistically, while improving the opportunity, technically. He is especially successful in the "Fountains," whose values of poetic imagination as well as orchestral imagery are justly valued. RCA's technicians have excteded their previous high standards in rendering the detail as well as the mass of these scores with maximum clarity.
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 9; Prokofiev: "Lt. Kijé Suite." Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3054, $5.98.	Sargent is at his best in the first movement of this work, which is also Shostakovich in his best vein of tongue-in-cheek pleasantry. By contrast with most previous interpretations, Sargent's is consistently subtle and ingratiating, with plentiful attention to the little alterations of texture and harmonic detail that comprise the work's shifting sands of interest. He has less specialized feeling for the "Kijé" music, which has been performed by others (Reiner, Leinsdorf, Désormière) with sharper wit. Expert reproduction.
Wagner: "Meistersinger" and "Flying Dutchman" Overtures, "Parsifal" Prelude and "Good Friday" music. Bruno Walter conducting. Columbia MS 6149, $5.98.	Wagner conducting of this order is in increasingly scarce supply, which makes all the more valuable the ripe musicality and rich feeling for the idiom which Walter disposes in these performances. Together with them are combined an intimate knowledge of the scores, a sophisticated sense of their texture and how to articulate it for the microphone which will bring new details even to the ears of those who think they know the music reasonably well. Who, for example, has heard the cross-hatchings of the violas in the beginning of the "Meistersinger" overture as clearly as here, or the inside elements of the "Parsifal" prelude? The serenity and breadth of the "Good Friday" music is no common experience either. The West Coast "Columbia Symphony" doesn't have the composite sound of half a dozen others on this continent, but its principals are capable, and Walter's celebrated persuasiveness does the rest. Excellent stereo. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonata in G (Opus 30, No. 3); Franck: Sonata; Bartók: "For Children." Ede Zathureczky, violin, with Menahem Pressler, piano. Vox EZ 1, $4.98.	An intimate of Kodály and Bartók, Zathureczky undertook a second career at the age of fifty-four when he joined the faculty of the school of music of Indiana University in 1957. Unfortunately he died soon afterward, leaving only this tape of a recital as a testimonial to his art. It shows him to be a skilful player of Beethoven, an absorbing one of Franck, and an ideal intermediary for his own transcriptions of Bartók. Offsetting these valuable attainments are the smallness and lack of color in his tone. Pressler collaborates skilfully, save for a spray of wrong notes near the end of the Franck. Good reproduction considering the circumstances. Those with an interest in the repertory will find the disc worth owning.
Bellini: "Casta diva" ("Norma"); Verdi: "Pace, pace" ("Forza"); Puccini: "Sola, perduta, abbandonata" ("Manon Lescaut"); Boïto: "L'altra notte" ("Mefistofele"); Beethoven: "Abscheulicher" ("Fidelio"); Villa-Lobos: "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5." Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, with Bolshoi Orchestra. Artia ALP 157, $4.98.	Add Fauré's "Après un rêve" and Debussy's "Beau Soir" to the listed contents at the left, and it is overwhelmingly apparent that Mme Vishnevskaya, who was heard here in the "cultural exchange" program last winter, recognizes no limitations in vocal capacity. She does, in fact, sing everything with accuracy and power (save the Beethoven, which sounds as though it were sung by Marzelline rather than Leonore) and with some uncanny technical resources (such as the crescendo on the high B flat in "Pace, pace"). However, the bright hardness of her full voice, and the uniformity of color throughout, limit the artistic appeal of her performances. So far as I can determine, everything but Bellini and Verdi is sung in Russian. Fair recording.
Brahms: Sonata in F minor (Opus 5), Intermezzo (Opus 116, No. 6), Romance (Opus 118, No. 5). Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LSC 2459, $5.98.	Rubinstein has, from time to time, played this work with imposing effect in the concert hall, and the long-awaited recording shows his command of it to be strong-handed and compelling, especially in the fast movements. The "reverie" strikes me as a little low-key in mood, not as emotionally persuasive as it might be. The two shorter pieces are beautifully realized, down to the last detail of inner tonal combinations.
Chopin: "Preludes," Opus 28. Sergio Fiorentino, piano. Roulette 75004, $3.98.	Aside from the hardly illuminating description of him as "an Italian pianist," the jacket tells nothing about Fiorentino, though reference to the current edition of "Grove's Dictionary" would add, for the disc buyer, such additional data as his birth in 1928, attainment of runner-up status in the Geneva competition of 1947, participation in other international contests. All of this is relevant to an appreciation of just where Fiorentino stands, relevant to the Chopin preludes: rather close by, as far as technical discipline, sound, and temperamental flair are concerned, still on the periphery relative to niceties of the composer's idiom. Some of the faster preludes are appreciatively appraised, but so simple a problem as the A major (No. 7) is unaccountably complicated by Fiorentino's phrasing.
Copland: "Variations" and "Fantasy." William Masselos, piano. Columbia MS 6168, $5.98.	Though separated by twenty-seven years, these two works have very much in common. This concerns not merely a fundamental consistency of musical personality, but also, rather more, Copland's constructive power. It has projected itself in a straight line from the relatively uncomplicated "Variations" of 1930 to the more subtle but no less tightly organized "Fantasy" of 1957. In this connection, if Columbia wishes to make a real observance of the composer's sixtieth birthday (to which this issue is inscribed) it might reissue Copland's own version of the "Variations" along with other self-performed items it owns. Masselos plays both works with wizardly ease and incisiveness, though it occurs to me that his very facility tends to diminish the impact of some things Copland did not intend to have pass quite so quickly. Excellent piano sound.
Gabrieli: "Intonazioni d'Organo," "Canzon Prima," etc.; Frescobaldi: Toccatas in D minor and G major, Canzon Prima, Seconda, etc. E. Power Biggs, organ, with brass ensemble conducted by Richard Burgin. Columbia MS 6117, $5.98.	Future students of this period's musical taste may well speculate whether it is intrinsic musical merit or pure sonorous splendor that stimulated the production of these and similar works in their current abundance. Whether one or the other predominates in the interest of a given listener, it is clear that the combination of them comprises a musical sensation both stimulating and difficult to come by from any other source than recordings. These are spectacularly good, not only for the use of the excellent D. A. Flentrop classic organ of the Busch-Reinsinger museum at Harvard, the high quality of Biggs's interpretative effort, and the lively performance of the trumpets and trombones under Burgin's direction, but also for the palpable timbres and thrust of the reproduced sound. Here is stereo as it should be, full, rich, and round.
Ponce: "Concierto del Sur"; Rodrigo: "Fantasia para un gentilhombre." Andres Segovia, guitar, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Enrique Jorda. Decca DL 10027, $4.98.	Detachment of this disc from the multi-record set issued last year in observance of Segovia's jubilee enables attention to be directed to the outstanding quality of the work by Joaquín Rodrigo. A creation of 1954 for Segovia, it is based on works of Gaspar Sanz, a Spanish court musician of the seventeenth century. The themes arranged in a Villano, Ricercare, Canario, etc., have substantial charm, but it is Rodrigo's skilful artifice in adapting them to the present purpose that determines their abundant interest. He can now be ranked with Respighi and Arthur Benjamin as a restorer of lost masterpieces. The delicate adjustment of sound values between the two unequal forces has been adroitly realized on both sides. The Ponce is agreeable enough, but not as magnetic as the Rodrigo.
Prokofiev: Sonata No. 7 in B flat; Mussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Artia ALP 154, $4.98.	All the good things that have been said in the past about Richter's performance of Prokofiev can be repeated in the present instance, with some added values, thanks to the improving quality of piano recording in the USSR. Even more arresting is his playing of the Mussorgsky masterpiece, which equals, in characterization and deftness of colorations, the effect of Ravel's orchestration interpreted by a ranking conductor. Richter has the precious ability to make notes convey meaning, even if he takes the "Promenade" at a brisker pace than is customary with Western performers. But the "Gnomes," "Bydlo," "Catacombes," etc., are superbly delineated.
Strauss: Serenade in E flat, Sonatina in F. Eric Simon conducting the Boston Wind Ensemble. Boston Records B 406, $4.98.	As well as providing congenial occupation for such sweet-sounding instruments as flutes, horns, clarinets, basset horn, bass clarinet, and bassoons, these two works put a virtual parenthesis around Strauss's creative career. The Serenade was the cause of Hans von Bülow's highly productive interest in the seventeen-year-old Strauss, and the Sonatina is a backward glance, from the same mind sixty-three years later, over the world of music he dominated so long. The performances by members of the Boston Symphony under Simon's understanding direction are models of execution, taste, and fine sound. Also included is a gavotte from the Opus 4 suite for thirteen winds. The recording conforms to the high standards associated with the Boston label. —I. K.

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THE "NINE" BY KRIPS

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

IT IS a fresh and generally very rewarding experience to live through the nine symphonies of Beethoven with Josef Krips in the stereophonic album just issued by Everest Records (SDBR 3065/8, $40). One says "to live through with Krips" advisedly, for although the orchestra—the London Symphony—is a capable one, the Viennese conductor exerts so forceful a pull that, consciously or not, he becomes the center of gravity. This has no root in prima donna tactics or shallow virtuosity; it is simply a result of Krips's absolute mastery of the material, plus his high quotient of energy.

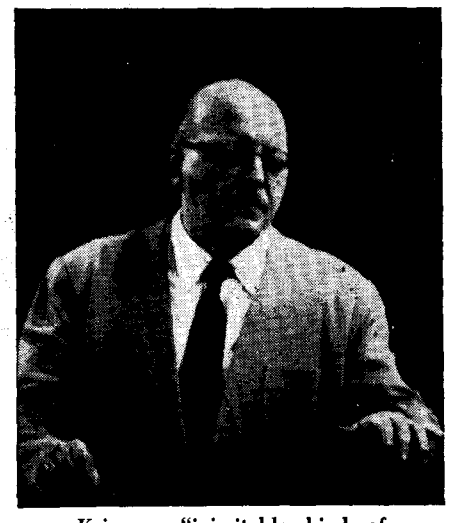
For a while, one accustomed to the personalized Beethoven of a Toscanini, a Walter, or a Furtwängler will be moved to resist Mr. Krips, who seems curiously detached, content to act as a filter rather than an interpreter. But the conductor's linear Beethoven ends up by convincing the listener that this may be, in large part, a highly valid approach. Whereas Walter, who relies on emotional intuition, has his ups and downs in the recently issued stereophonic (Columbia) edition of the nine symphonies, Krips—working from the outside in—maintains a consistency that is impressive, if also limiting. Regrettably, the poetic urge is rarely upon him; rather, the architectural shaping of a symphony occupies his thoughts, and in this he is superb.

As if to prove that linear and structural thinking are his forte, Mr. Krips, on those rare occasions when he does "interpret,"—as in the questionable *allargandi* at the end of the first and last movements of the Ninth, and in the coda of the "Egmont" overture (included in this set along with the "Leonore" No. 3)—becomes rather ponderous; but when he lets the music speak for itself, which he does most of the time, his conducting is masterful. Best of all is his ability to build climaxes—especially rhythmic ones—over a long symphonic span. Few directors today can match him in this. His attention, too, to inner parts of the instrumental fabric (always in the interest of clarity) makes listening to this set an enlightening experience for laymen and professional musicians alike.

Why, then, despite these striking achievements on the part of Mr. Krips, does one retain, even at the end, a certain reserve? Perhaps because the conductor seems almost perversely disinterested in nuance. Unsurpassed for long architectural spans, he misses out on the vivid dynamic contrasts which, just as much as the skeletal structure, stand at the heart of Beethoven. No matter; this is, for its sheer musicality, an album worth acquiring. Least effective of the performances is "Egmont," whose coda is marred by a slip in the first horn and by an unwarranted slackening of tempo. "Leonore" No. 3 shapes up more impressively, especially since its final pages enable Mr. Krips to launch his inimitable kind of sustained rhythmic build-up.

To review the symphonies one by one: the First is played jauntily and well. The Second misses warmth and intensity in the first two movements, but comes to life with an altogether winning performance of the scherzo. In the "Eroica," one cannot but admire the masterly animation of the third movement and the burnished counterpoint of the finale, which ends in a blaze of tonal glory. Less effective, because lacking in genuinely dramatic contrasts, are the opening allegro and the funeral march—models of architectural performance, but depersonalized.

THE Fourth Symphony, once the mysterious introduction is out of the way (Krips seems defeated by coloristic passages), emerges as one of the finest in the set: strong, virile, singing. And there are excellent things in the Fifth. The first movement is rather deliberate; the Andante con moto, conducted with sensitive feeling for its variation form, comes off better; the scherzo is magnificent—for Krips, by maintaining a tempo which may strike one as excessively broad at first, has managed to bring a unique, suspended-in-space quality to the transition that leads into the finale.



Krips — "inimitable kind of sustained rhythmic build-up."

Less convincing, though ably played, is Mr. Krips's Sixth, a bit prosaic, more suburban than pastoral. His success with the Seventh might have been predicted on the basis of the earlier symphonies. Where rhythm is concerned, this reading is triumphant, with a delectably molded trio in the scherzo, and a thrilling finale. The Allegretto, however, is wanting in gradation of tone and mood.

RHYTHMICAL bounce and ingratiatingly Viennese flavor pervade the Eighth; but the Ninth—on the whole—marks the climax of the set, with a wonderful scherzo and a beautifully conducted slow movement. For once, the famous horn solo, which so often emerges as a meaningless scale passage, is here shaped as an eloquent connecting link, taking on new musical interest. The "Ode to Joy" is variable, with splendid work by the BBC Chorus (Leslie Woodgate, chorus master) and only moderately effective singing by the solo quartet: Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano, Shirley Carter, alto, Rudolf Petrak, tenor, and Donald Bell, bass.

In all nine symphonies, the engineering by Everest Records is exemplary, a triumph of balance and of clarity. The quality of orchestral tone, instead of being manufactured in the control room, is evidently what Mr. Krips has desired; and the placing of the microphones is such that the listener has the feeling of the conductor on the podium, with the orchestra spaced around him. No praise can be too high for the care and integrity that have gone into this venture.

Also on the stereo market, in recent releases by Epic, are Beethoven's Second Symphony and "Prometheus" overture on one disc (BC 1052, $5.98) and his First and Ninth Symphonies in another album (BSC 107, $11.96), all played by the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra under the direction of Franz Konwitschny. The performances are accurate, occasionally spirited, and not too well recorded.

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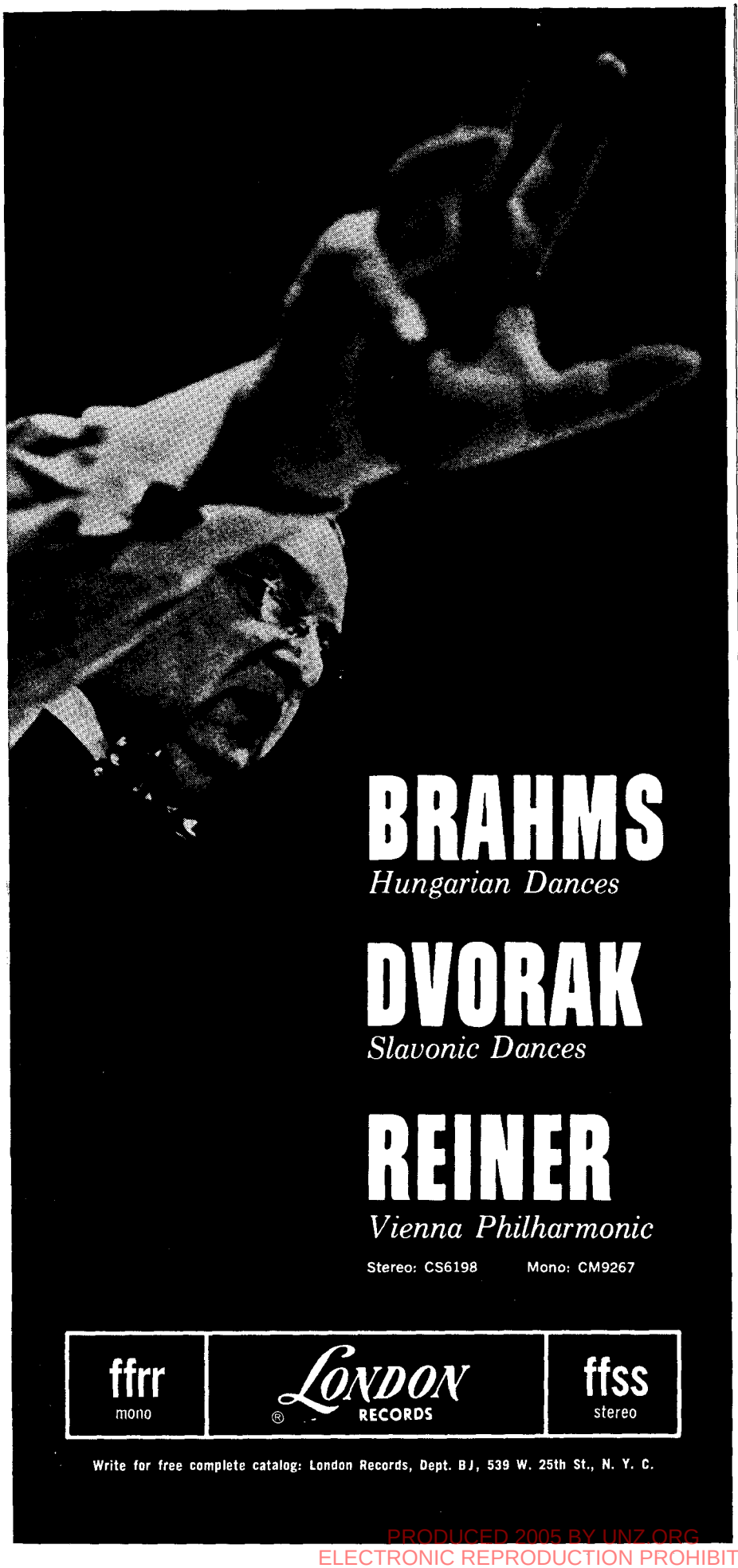

Lerner and Loewe

Continued from page 41

get together and sing and tell each other they love each other is always a big bore. I'm constantly searching for new ways to say romantic things. I don't like sad songs, self-pitying songs, women wracking and crying for their true love, waiting for the ideal love, songs that tell how marvelous things are going to be tomorrow. I hate songs about the clichés of modern life, about the age of loneliness and anxiety. Let's all be done with that. That's full of self-pity."

While the ace lyricist does not machine-tool his words for the teen-age juke box trade, he is violently against writing songs that merely fit the action of the "book." "I want to write songs that will live outside the 'book.' I can't tell you how deeply I feel about this."

Moss Hart, a friend of Lerner's and a biased observer, has observed: "Just below the surface of the gracious and cultivated man of the world, which *is* the façade that Alan Jay Lerner presents to the world at large, there lies an immensely gifted, complex, and dedicated man of the theatre. He is that oddity among musical librettists —he is an artist."

IT IS a sign of Lerner's uncompromising artistry that he is hypercritical of his own librettos. He is not fond, particularly, of the story for "Brigadoon." Of this fantasy of a town coming to life once every hundred years he says, "It is something you write when you're very young." He never was happy about "Love Life," which he considers to be an unsuccessful mixture of expressionism and a "dramatic newspaper." In fact, he has strenuously opposed many efforts to revive this musical. He also feels that "Paint Your Wagon" was not what he would like it to be.

Despite his own reservations, Lerner is probably one of the best librettists —certainly one of the most active—developed in this country. In this tough game, he is a switch hitter. He has written original books—"Brigadoon," "Paint Your Wagon," "The Day Before Spring," "Love Life." And he has also fashioned books from novels and plays, such as "Gigi" (film), "My Fair Lady," and "Camelot."

These skills didn't just happen. He began "devouring plays at the age of twelve." At Harvard, he started writing his own plays and composing music. Of his own musical talents, Lerner is quite blunt: "I was a terrible composer."

He wrote two "Hasty Pudding" shows. These were his first produced musicals, for which he wrote half the book and half the score. One was titled

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"So Proudly We Hail"; the other, "Fair Enough," about the New York World's Fair. Graduating from Harvard, he wrote an unproduced comedy, "Chapter 22," about a boy who didn't know his father was writing the story of his son's life. He also labored on radio (comedy-variety programs), which he regards with much fondness because it gave him an opportunity to do a lot of writing. In fact, the story of "Brigadoon" arose from a series of thirteen dramatic fantasies he spun for CBS Radio.

Lerner got his first good notices in "The Day Before Spring," which opened in 1945 and ran for 167 performances. Next came "Brigadoon" in 1947, which was his first smash hit and had a beautiful score by Fritz Loewe. Since then the duo have become magic names in American theatre. As a book writer, Lerner represents the continuing process of growth in modern musical theatre that has proceeded from the tinseled operettas (often with lovely scores) to a mature native American art form.

In a musical book, fine writing, or logic, or real characters were seldom required, or even expected, years ago. But the late Oscar Hammerstein ruined the old-fashioned musical comedy tradition with his sturdy librettos for "Show Boat," "Carousel," and "South Pacific."

Today's modern musical "book" is a special and peculiar art form with severe demands and disciplines. Perhaps fifteen people (and this is probably an

overestimation) really understand its mysterious chemistry. No universities, even the most communications-minded, give courses in it, and the young writer has to learn by doing. The form requires more than a command of words. It takes a knowledge of "theatre language": a working knowledge of stagecraft, a sense of visual beauty and design, knowledge of dance, insight into character, and of course a knowledge of what music and lyrics can do. Even then, you can fail badly.

Much may depend, in the aftermath of such trial runs as that of "Camelot" in Toronto, on "what goes" after determining "what went." And here Lerner faces a new responsibility as director in place of Moss Hart, bedded by illness. Whatever the outcome, the significance of the few words "book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner" has firmly established his place in theatrical history at the age of forty-two.

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The Vanishing Dane

By RICHARD FREED

KLAUS GEORGE ROY'S admirable notes for the Epic recording of Carl Nielsen's "Sinfonia Espansiva" begin with this optimistic paragraph:

> In the sixth edition of the "International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," 1952, Jean Sibelius is awarded eight pages. The greatest composer of modern Denmark, Carl Nielsen (born, like Sibelius, in 1865), has . . . eight lines. It is not detracting from the stature of the Finnish master to regard this discrepancy as fantastic. Yet the last few years have brought about a tremendous increase in the public awareness of Nielsen's life-work, outside of his native Denmark, and the time may not be far off when he is recognized as one of the great composers of our times.

Early in 1956, when those words were published with the record they introduced, it did seem that Nielsen's music was at last coming into its own outside Denmark. Five of his six symphonies had been presented in authoritative recordings by the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra on various labels (the Epic "Espansiva" is the second recording of that symphony to appear on LP), together with other orchestral scores, chamber music, and even unaccompanied choral music. The orchestra of the Statsradiofonien had toured here in 1952, introducing the symphonies of Nielsen to audiences that had never heard his music, and the same year saw the publication of Robert Simpson's "Carl Nielsen, Symphonist," which quickly became a standard reference work.

Despite this encouraging start, however, there now are only two Nielsen titles in the Schwann catalog. How curious now to recall the critical enthusiasm that greeted almost every record of Nielsen's music, the encouraging talk of "overdue recognition" and "neglected genius," and the frustration of watching the list of recordings dwindle until only the Wind Quintet and "Sinfonia Espansiva" remained.

That Carl Nielsen had something to say in his music is evident in every bar, and readers are referred to Dr. Simpson's book for details of the composer's personality and philosophy. Nielsen insisted on the philosophical content of his often serious, always warmhearted scores, and exulted in an openhearted celebration of nature. Those unfamiliar with his work will be disappointed if they expect another Bartók or Schoenberg, for Nielsen's musical language is no more "modern" than that of Vaughan Williams, and his last symphony (the rather uncharacteristic Sixth) was, in fact, composed as a protest against what he considered nihilistic trends in the music of the Twenties (Stravinsky, Hindemith, *et al.*).

Various composers have celebrated nature in their music, in moods ranging from light-hearted pastorals to weighty broodings on man's battles with the elements. For his part, Nielsen sought no tragic or mysterious implications, nor did he make any of his symphonies programmatic, despite the titles affixed to some of them. Neither was he a folklorist, although, as Dr. Simpson has remarked, "no music could be more completely Danish in its fresh bluntness and keen open-air clarity." It might be observed that, in general, Nielsen's forceful pantheism is more primitive than that of Vaughan Williams, more genial than that of Sibelius, less lyrical and polished than Dvorak's, more succinct and straightforward than Mahler's. Real tunes fill his symphonies

A Nielsen Discography

Chaconne for Piano, Opus 32
France Ellegaard (with Liszt: "Liebestraum" No. 3; and Paganini-Liszt: "La Campanella"). London 10-inch LD-9065.

Commotio for Organ, Opus 58
Georg Fjelrad (with Three Motets, Opus 55). London LL-1030.

Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, Opus 57
Ib Erikson, with Danish State Radio Orchestra conducted by Mogens Wöldike (with Flute Concerto). London LL-1124.

Concerto for Flute and Orchestra (1926)
Gilbert Jesperson, with Danish State Radio Orchestra under Thomas Jensen (with Clarinet Concerto). London LL-1124.

Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 33
Yehudi Menuhin, with Danish State Radio Orchestra under Mogens Wöldike (with violin encores). RCA LHMV-22.

"Helios" Overture, Opus 17
Erik Tuxen conducting Danish State Radio Orchestra (with Svend Schultz: Serenade). London 10-inch LS-653.

Little Suite for String Orchestra, Opus 1
Arthur Winograd conducting Winograd String Orchestra (with Sibelius: "Rakastava"). M-G-M E-3335.

"Maskarade" (1906)
Orchestral Suite (Overture, Magdelone's Dance, Prelude to Act II, "Dance of the Cockerels").
Thomas Jensen, Danish State Radio Orchestra. London 10-inch LD-9156, or (with Grieg: "Two Elegiac Melodies"; and Schultz: Serenade). LL-1314.
Overture only
Jensen, Danish State Radio Orchestra (with Symphony No. 5). London LL-1143.
"Dance of the Cockerels" only
John Hollingsworth, Covent Garden Orchestra (with various Scandinavian items). M-G-M E-3082

Three Motets, Opus 55
Mogens Wöldike conducting the Danish State Radio Madrigal Choir (with "Commotio," Opus 58). London LL-1030.

Quartet No. 2, F Minor, Opus 5
Musica Vitalis Quartet (with Holmboe: Quartet No. 2). London LL-1078.

Quartet No. 4, F Major, Opus 44
Koppel Quartet (with Holmboe: Quartet No. 3). London LL-1119.

Quintet for Wind Instruments, Opus 43 (current recordings only)
a. New Art Wind Quintet (with Francaix: Quintet). Classic Editions 2001.
b. Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet (with Barber: Summer Music). Columbia ML-5441 or Stereo MS-6114.

Symphony No. 1, G Minor, Opus 7
Thomas Jensen, Danish State Radio Orchestra. London LL-635.

Symphony No. 3, Opus 27 ("Sinfonia Espansiva")
a. John Frandsen conducting Danish State Radio Orchestra, with Ruth Guldback, soprano, and Erik Sjøberg, baritone. Epic LC-3225.
b. Erik Tuxen conducting Danish State Radio Orchestra, with Inger Hassing, soprano, and Erik Sjøberg, baritone. London LL-100.

Symphony No. 4, Opus 29 ("The Inextinguishable")
Launy Grondahl conducting Danish State Radio Orchestra. RCA LHMV-1006.

Symphony No. 5, Opus 50
Thomas Jensen, Danish State Radio Orchestra (with "Maskarade" Overture). London LL-1143.

Symphony No. 6 ("Sinfonia Semplice")
Thomas Jensen, Danish State Radio Orchestra. Mercury MG-10137.

N.B.: Only the two recordings of the Wind Quintet and the Epic record of the Third Symphony are now available in this country. All other recordings listed above have been discontinued.

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without apology, set off in solid orchestral textures (despite frequent "conflicts" between tonalities), bringing to mind such adjectives as hearty, robust, virile, confident, affectionate, and, without exception, vital.

In the "Sinfonia Espansiva," which Simpson said "breathes a vivid gaiety that is created by no rose-tinted glasses, but by an irresistible sense in the composer's self of all the healthy-minded people with whom he feels at one," Nielsen wrote some of his most effective nature-music. A soprano and a baritone vocalize wordlessly through the crystalline texture of the second movement (Andante pastorale), not in song, as in some of Mahler's symphonies, nor yet quite as instruments of the orchestra, but rather by way of placing man and woman firmly in Nielsen's pastoral landscape.

While comparisons with Sibelius, Grieg, and Vaughan Williams may be inevitable, the sparkling overture to Nielsen's opera "Maskarade" will come as a complete surprise for its strong suggestion of Berlioz, in color, drive, and even thematic resemblance to the "Beatrice and Benedict" overture. Those who find the record of the tremendous Fifth Symphony will be delighted with this little filler.

There may be little interest here in *a cappella* choral settings of Psalms in Latin (for this is what the three Motets of Opus 55 are), and such trifles as the "Helios" Overture and the "Little Suite" may be foregone without regret, but the superb symphonies are absolutely indispensable. The sterling Wind Quintet, fortunately, seems to have established itself quite securely.

The year 1965 will mark the hundredth anniversary of Nielsen's birth, and we might hope that there will then be a flood of new recordings, including a first LP of the Second Symphony ("The Four Temperaments"). However, since the centennial of Sibelius occurs in the same year, it seems likely that Nielsen will again be passed by. In any event, it would be absurdly wasteful for the splendid recordings already made to be retired permanently, and we must hope that many of them will find their way back into the active lists. The companies that expended so much loving care in their original presentation would do well to make them available again. In the meantime, those interested in Nielsen's music are advised to seek out the discs listed in the appended discography, which are, almost without exception, of excellent sonic quality. Hearteningly, this explorer can report that many of these records, although discontinued some time ago, may still be found in the shops, and any of them will repay a bit of hunting.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Leningraders in London

WHATEVER else the present concert season may have in store for us—and I am not forgetting that we are promised a visit next spring by Sviatoslav Richter—it will be remembered in the years to come for the first visit to these shores of the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, the latest and, to my way of thinking, most potent musical secret weapon to be sent here by the USSR. Thanks to a series of DGG recordings, most of us had already recognized the Leningraders as a fine body of players, but the orchestra that took first Edinburgh and then London by storm far surpassed our expectations. For once, most critics, performers, and laymen, almost everyone you spoke to, were in complete agreement: this was arguably the finest orchestra yet heard in these islands.

To anyone who did not attend one or more of these concerts, this may seem a sweeping assertion, for during the past fifteen years Londoners have been able to hear and compare the finest European and American orchestras—among them the Philharmonics of Berlin and Vienna, Milan's La Scala, the Concertgebouw, the pride of Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Cleveland, not forgetting our own Philharmonia and Royal Philharmonic. All of these possess great and unique qualities, yet only the Leningraders offer an amalgamation of all the virtues desirable in an orchestra, plus a fiery discipline peculiarly their own.

Since by all accounts—reinforced by such evidence as records can provide—the Leningrad Symphony stands head and shoulders above other present-day Russian orchestras, it would be wrong to attribute its greatness mainly to the training and working conditions enjoyed by these players, though these must surely be the envy of our own underpaid, under-rehearsed, and insecure orchestral musicians. Good pay, social security, and ample rehearsal time can only provide the foundations upon which a great conductor and superb trainer like Eugene Mravinsky is able to build an ensemble that has taught us more about the art of orchestral playing than any visitors to Britain since the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Toscanini came here thirty years ago.

Unfortunately I was not able to attend the concerts directed by Rozhdestvensky, both of which featured Rostropovich as solo cellist. At the second, an all-Tchaikovsky program, he played the "Rococo" Variations; the first included the London premiere of Shostakovich's new Concerto and, by way of a graceful gesture to the orchestra's hosts, Britten's "Young Person's Guide"—a performance that greatly delighted the composer by its brilliance and musicality. Nor was this visit without results in the field of recording, for the orchestra spent what time it could spare at Wembley Town Hall, where a DGG team from Germany had set up its equipment. The fruits of these sessions are said to include Schumann's Cello Concerto and the "Rococo" Variations (both with Rostropovich), Khachaturian's "Gayne" Suite, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" and the Fourth Symphony, while further sessions were scheduled for Vienna with the last two Tchaikovsky symphonies at the head of the program.

ANSERMET and the Suisse Romande are once again well to the fore among Decca group October releases. Their Beethoven Seventh may not carry complete conviction—nor, to my mind, has any other disc of this symphony since the unforgettable prewar version by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic (which, to RCA's shame, has never been reissued in Britain)—though it contains some fine moments and is magnificently recorded; but the new coupling of Stravinsky's Symphony in C and Symphony in Three Movements deserves an enthusiastic welcome since it restores to our catalogue two outstanding masterpieces of our time which, due to Philips's timid outlook toward contemporary music (we are still vainly waiting for "Agon," while many other Columbia recordings conducted by Stravinsky were withdrawn precipitately), have not been available here for some time. Ansermet treats both works with great skill and obvious affection, while the recording, with its superb clarity, is highly characteristic of Decca engineering at its finest.

The London Symphony Orchestra can be heard this month under the Hungarian conductor Janos Ferencsik, giving support to Julius Katchen in Brahms's great B flat Concerto. After the pianist's impressive account of the D minor work (with Monteux as his distinguished collaborator), I found this disc a little disappointing. Though full of brilliance, Katchen's playing here shows a wayward, over-romantic streak that undermines the work's essentially classical solidity; where Monteux, with his wisdom and imperturbable poise, might have restored the balance, Ferencsik seems content to meet Katchen more than halfway.

No fewer than four separate issues feature the Vienna Philharmonic, one of these being the promised single-disc version of the celebrated Ferrier-Patzak-Walter performance of "Das Lied von der Erde." Although the recording is beginning to show its age (it originally appeared eight years ago), the sound is still remarkably fine, and singing and playing alike are of the utmost distinction. Under the silly title of "All-Time Popular Favorites," Knappertsbusch conducts the "Casse-Noisette" Suite, Schubert's Marche Militaire, "Invitation to the Dance," and the "Merry Wives" Overture without overmuch enthusiasm, while Monteux's reading of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique on RCA, though full of perceptive detail, strikes me as a shade *sec* compared with Beecham's richly magnificent account (not, alas, available in stereo). After all-too-glossy performances last month of Brahms No. 1 and Beethoven No. 7, Karajan's latest Strauss-family album makes a welcome change. Two overtures, two waltzes and two polkas, all among the very best of their kind, make up a fine program and, if he is inclined to pursue tonal suavity to excess these days, Karajan's phrasing is far more finished than that to be found in Decca's recent Strauss series directed by concertmaster Boskovsky.

"The Flying Dutchman," that strange work which shows the young Wagner groping toward an individual style and in which moments of genius are set off by much that is derivative, dull and, at times, almost comically banal, receives a thoroughly exciting recording at the hands of Electrola/HMV. From a technical point of view I find it better even than the recent "Freischütz"; musically the performance is dominated by Fischer-Dieskau's Dutchman, a superbly intense and tortured impersonation which only lacks the slightly richer, darker timbre of the true Heldenbariton. He receives good support from Gottlob Frick (Daland), Rudolf Schock (Erik), and Marianne Schech; indeed Frau Schech, whose voice has never seemed to me remarkable for its beauty or steadiness, is a much better Senta than might have been expected though she does sound too mature for the part. The chorus and orchestra of the Berlin State Opera perform zestfully under Konwitschny's direction, and the whole opera has been magnificently produced for stereo.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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The Amen Corner

Globe Trotting

SPEAKING last month of general jazz tendencies, I referred to the development of what I call an international Style. This label is meant to cover, very loosely and voluminously, the part of modern jazz that shows a marked debt to our general musical heritage—as against the larger part which harks back especially to the American folk-blues roots of jazz music.

A few examples may make the matter clearer. It is quite natural that some of the finest modern jazz men should be Internationalists. They have been studying music formally, as well as in the conservatories of their spirits; they are fascinated by seventeenth-century counterpoint or Ravel or Webern; they have become musical citizens of the world. One might suppose that attempts to blend such interests with the idiom of jazz would result in pretentious, artificial music. Such has frequently been the case. But it is an exciting fact of this jazz period that certain men are bringing to this blend richness of feeling and felicity of form. They are proving that the spirited improvisation and irresistible rhythms of jazz can be wholly natural elements in compositions of musical pith and subtlety.

The album "Sketches of Spain" (Columbia CL 1480) features the trumpeter Miles Davis, whom I regard as the most poetic player in modern jazz, in the compositions and arrangements of the remarkable Gil Evans (for a small, brassy, wonderfully moody ensemble). The intense Andalusian gypsy spirit prevails here, nor is there anything affected about it. Davis and Evans move as naturally into Spain as Debussy and Ravel did (the former pair on earthier terms, which is in no way intended as a reflection on the latter's high fragrance). Davis is a darkly lyric, incantatory soloist—one of the greatest voices among all the jazz horns—and he sounds as though he grew out of Evans's soil. The basic rhythms are definitely Spanish rather than jazz in character, except as they suggest an amplification of that "Spanish tinge" which has been a part of jazz rhythm since the early New Orleans days. The program opens with Davis-Evans version of the "Concerto de Aranjuez," by the contemporary Spanish composer Joaquín Rodrigo, and proceeds to "Will o' the Wisp," from de Falla's "El Amor Brujo." On the reverse side are three Evans originals, "The Pan Piper" (from a Spanish morning song),

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ALCESTE	**London** (Flagstad, Jobin, Young—Jones)•	**Excerpts:** Angel 35589 (Farrell), Columbia 6086 (Farrell)•, Camden 485 (Traubel)
ARABELLA	**London** (Della Casa, Gueden, London—Solti)•	**Excerpts:** Angel 35194 (Schwarzkopf, Gedda)
LA BOHÈME	**London** (Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Bastianini—Serafin)• **Angel** (Callas, Di Stefano, Panerai—Votto) (H) **RCA Victor** (de los Angeles, Bjoerling, Merrill—Beecham)	**Complete:** RCA 6006 (Albanese, Peerce—Toscanini) **Excerpts:** RCA 2337 (Gigli, De Luca), Angel 101 (Muzio), Columbia 5231 (Sayao)
BORIS GODOUNOV	**Capitol** (Christoff, Gedda, Borg—Dobrowen) **London** (Kangolovic, Belgrade Opera)	**Excerpts:** Angel 100 (Chaliapin), Monitor 2016 (Reizen), Camden 415 (Kipnis)
CARMEN	**Capitol** (de los Angeles, Gedda, Blanc—Beecham)• **RCA Victor** (Stevens, Peerce, Merrill—Reiner) (H)	**Excerpts:** Odeón 121 (Supervia), Pathé 265 (Vallin), RCA 1841 (Bjoerling), Camden 359 (Farrar, Martinelli)
DON CARLO	**Capitol** (Christoff, Stella, Filippeschi—Santini) **Cetra** (Rossi-Lemeni, Caniglia, Picchi—Previtali)	**Excerpts:** Camden 401 (Pinza), London 5169 (Siepi), RCA 2188 (Tozzi), Angel 35763 (Callas)•, London 5269 (Simionato), Scala 802 (Stracciari)
DON GIOVANNI	**London** (Siepi, Danco, Della Casa, Dermota—Krips)•(H) **Decca** (Fischer-Dieskau, Jurinac, Häfliger—Fricsay)• **Pathé** (Campo, Stich-Randall, Gedda—Rosbaud)	**Excerpts:** Columbia 5239 (Pinza), RCA 2188 (Tozzi), Odéon 1031 (Tauber), Angel 35021 (Schwarzkopf), Electrola 60050 (Cebotari)
ELEKTRA	**Cetra** (Konetzni, Ilitsch, Mödl—Mitropoulos)	**Excerpts:** RCA 6047 (Borkh) **Highlights:** Decca 9723 (Goltz, Hoengen—Solti)
L'ELISIR D'AMORE	**London** (Gueden, Di Stefano, Corena—Molinari-Pradelli)• **Angel** (Carteri, Alva, Taddei—Serafin)•	**Excerpts:** Cetra 50154 (Valletti), RCA 1007 (Caruso), RCA 2269 (Bjoerling), London 5194 (Corena)
LA GIOCONDA	**RCA Victor** (Milanov, Di Stefano, Warren—Previtali)•(H) **Angel** (Callas, Ferraro, Cappuccilli—Votto)•	**Complete & Highlights:** London (Cerquetti, Del Monaco, Bastianini)• **Excerpts:** Cetra 50020 (Cigna, Stignani), London 5320 (Tebaldi, Simionato), RCA 1007 (Caruso), RCA 2337 (Gigli, De Luca), Camden 100 (Ponselle)
MADAMA BUTTERFLY	**London** (Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Sordello—Serafin)•(H) **RCA Victor** (Moffo, Valletti, Cesari—Leinsdorf)•	**Complete:** Capitol (de los Angeles, Di Stefano), Angel (Toti Dal Monte, Gigli) **Excerpts:** Angel 35195 (Callas), RCA 2054 (Albanese, Peerce)
MANON LESCAUT	**Angel** (Callas, Di Stefano, Fioravanti—Serafin) **RCA Victor** (Albanese, Bjoerling, Merrill—Perlea) (H)	**Complete:** London (Tebaldi, Del Monaco Molinari-Pradelli) **Excerpts:** Columbia 6094 (Tucker)•, London 25075 (Bergonzi)•, Angel 35195 (Callas), Columbia 4981 (Kirsten, Tucker)
MARTHA	**Urania** (Berger, Anders, Greindl—Rother) **Cetra** (Tassinari, Tagliavini, Tagliabue—Molinari-Pradelli)	**Excerpts:** RCA 6056 (Caruso), RCA 2269 (Bjoerling), RCA 2337 (Gigli), Columbia 4248 (Tucker), Rococo 9 (Plancon)
NABUCCO	**Cetra** (Gatti, Mancini, Silveri—Previtali)	**Excerpts:** Angel 35763 (Callas)•, London 25100 (Cerquetti)•, London 5169 (Siepi), Angel 35265 (La Scala Chorus), Rococo 16 (Ruffo)
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO	**London** (Siepi, Gueden, Della Casa, Danco—Kleiber)•(H) **RCA Victor** (Tozzi, Peters, Della Casa, Elias—Leinsdorf)•(H)	**Highlights:** Angel 35326 (Schwarzkopf, Seefried, Kunz) **Excerpts:** Columbia 5239 (Pinza), Angel 35716 (Moffo)•, Angel 35021 (Schwarzkopf)
PARSIFAL	**London** (Mödl, Windgassen, London—Knappertsbusch)	**Excerpts:** London 25101 (Flagstad)•, Epic 3052 (Edelmann) **Orch. Excerpts:** Capitol 7180 (Kempe)•, Everest 3031 (Stokowski)•, Capitol 8368 (Steinberg)•
RIGOLETTO	**RCA Victor** (Berger, Peerce, Warren—Cellini) (H) **Angel** (Callas, Di Stefano, Gobbi—Serafin) (H) **Columbia** (D'Angelo, Tucker, Capecchi—Molinari-Pradelli)•	**Act IV complete:** RCA 6041 (Milanov, Warren—Toscanini) **Excerpts:** RCA 2269 (Bjoerling), RCA 6056 (Caruso), Scala 855 (Ruffo), Camden 410 (Galli-Curci), Camden 101 (Pons)
SIMON BOCCANEGRA	**Capitol** (Gobbi, de los Angeles, Christoff—Santini) **Cetra** (Silveri, Stella, Petri—Molinari-Pradelli)	**Excerpts:** Columbia 5239 (Pinza), London 5169 (Siepi), RCA 2188 (Tozzi), RCA 2453 (Varnay, Warren), Cetra 45020 (Corelli)
TANNHÄUSER	**Urania** (Seider, Schech, Paul—Heger)	**Highlights:** Decca 9928 (Rysanek, Windgassen, Greindl—Leitner) **Excerpts:** Angel 35540 (Nilsson)•, Camden 462 (Flagstad), Camden 485 (Traubel), Scala 842 (Schorr), D. G. 712000 (Bayreuth Chorus)• **Orch. Excerpts:** Capitol 8411 (Steinberg)•
TRISTAN UND ISOLDE	**Angel** (Flagstad, Suthaus, Fischer-Dieskau—Furtwängler)	**Highlights:** London 25138 (Nilsson)•, Deutsche Gram. 136030 (Varnay, Windgassen)• **Excerpts:** RCA 2255 (Farrell)•, Angel 35540 (Nilsson), Electrola 60619 (Flagstad), Cetra 50175 (Callas)
IL TROVATORE	**Angel** (Callas, Di Stefano, Panerai—Karajan) **RCA Victor** (Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren—Cellini) (H) **RCA Victor** (Price, Tucker, Warren—Basile)•	**Highlights:** London 25040 (Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Simionato)• **Excerpts:** London 25075 (Bergonzi)•, Cetra 55018 (Corelli), Camden 401 (Pinza), Scala 803 (Ponselle), RCA Victor 2086 (Merrill)
TURANDOT	**RCA Victor** (Nilsson, Bjoerling, Tebaldi—Leinsdorf)• **Angel** (Callas, Fernandi, Schwarzkopf—Serafin)	**Highlights:** London 25193 (Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Borkh)• **Excerpts:** Columbia 6094 (Tucker)•, London 25081 (Di Stefano)•, Cetra 45021 (Corelli), Columbia 6150 (Farrell)•
WOZZECK	**Columbia** (Harrell, Farrell, Jagel—Mitropoulos)	**Orch. Excerpts:** Columbia 6164 (Schippers)•

• denotes stereo
(H) denotes availability in highlighted form

GEORGE JELLINEK

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"Saeta" (suggested by flamencan Holy Week songs of the Passion of Christ), and "Solea" (which might be called a flamencan blues). I cannot recommend this music too strongly to any flamencan devotee.

Another outstanding jazz Internationalist is the pianist-composer John Lewis, who leads the famous Modern Jazz Quartet. In another guise he is the composer-conductor-pianist of "The Golden Striker: Music for Brass & Piano" (Atlantic 1334). Here the inspiration is Italian, and the music, I should hope, will have special interest and delight for admirers of Giovanni Gabrieli (1557-1612), who drenched St. Mark's of Venice with choirs of brass. Gabrieli had no hesitation in poising a single violin against his massed horns, nor does John Lewis stall at the idea of his pellucid piano against similar power—to wit, four French horns, four trumpets, two trombones, tuba, string bass, and drums. Lewis has made music which is sumptuous, syncopated, and witty (he has borne the *Commedia dell'Arte* in mind). There are fanfares and graciousness, pomps and japes. It all might be called baroque with a beat. But there is no sense of tricksiness or novelty—this is solid music in which a wholly natural element is solid jazz.

Further examples of Lewis's gifts are to be found in the album "Third Stream Music" by the Modern Jazz Quartet & Guests (Atlantic 1345). Among three compositions by Lewis and one apiece by Jimmy Giuffre and Gunther Schuller, I am most impressed by Lewis's "Exposure," a swinging, middle-tempo number for piano, vibraharp, string bass, drums, clarinet, flute, bassoon, French horn, cello, and harp. If this instrumentation would not seem to constitute a jazz band, I can only refer the reader to the wax itself. Lewis is a fastidious, eclectic musician, prone to understatement (even though he can gaily challenge the brasses of St. Mark's). He is also a master of jazz rhythm, and it is, of course, his very craftsmanship that enables him to use the unlikely combination above in such a way that the basic feeling is one of jazz rather than preciosity. On the same disc, Gunther Schuller's "Conversation" sets his own string quartet writing (with Bartók-Webern suggestions) into play with the group improvising of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Each of the ingredients has its own subtleties, but, for me, their relationship does not form an expressive whole.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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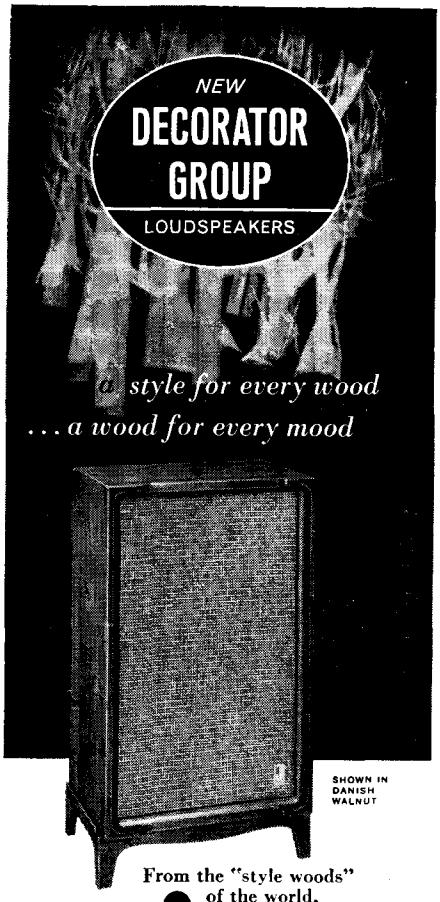

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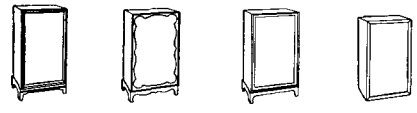

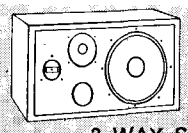

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 47

or another—but merely to warn the purchaser inclined to buy on trust that, for this issue at least, "Budapest" is not the brand name for the best in Beethoven that it has been for so long.

As for the stereo treatment, it is technically proficient, without persuading me that it provides the answer for quartet sound on two channels. I find it distracting rather than satisfying to hear the cello pizzicato unfailingly out of the left speaker and the other strands of sound always identifiable with one side or the other. But this is a minor complaint in the rendering of performances that have major deficiencies in other respects.

Walter's Bruckner No. 9

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 9. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia MS 6171, $5.98.

It is no news that Bruno Walter knows how to make fine records: the library shelves are full of them. But it is indeed news that he continues to make them, even if his public appearances have been increasingly infrequent in the last two years. Such discs as the Brahms "Double" reviewed last month, and the Wagner collection noted on page 48, mean that the line of communication is still open to a higher source of knowledge and experience than almost any other still accessible.

And now that he has given his mind and heart to his first recording of a Bruckner symphony (the "Te Deum" was the phonographic introduction to Walter's Bruckner in partnership with Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" on Columbia ML 4980), one may secretly hope that he will be led on to the fourth, fifth, seventh, and eighth—at least—as companions to his exhaustive treatments of Beethoven, Brahms, Mahler, Schubert, and Mozart. For they are all in the Viennese line, and who is better equipped to see it whole than Walter?

To judge from this broadly paced, carefully detailed performance, no one. He has thought through the scheme of design which some others muddle or misstate so that the climaxes, even the climaxes of the climaxes, do not negate each other. And when there is such an adagio as the finale of this final symphony of Bruckner's to convey, Walter's poise, skill, and sensitivity are at their most pertinent. The West Coast musicians do their work valiantly, and the recording (especially of the percussion-based scherzo) gives ringing affirmation to the values of stereo.

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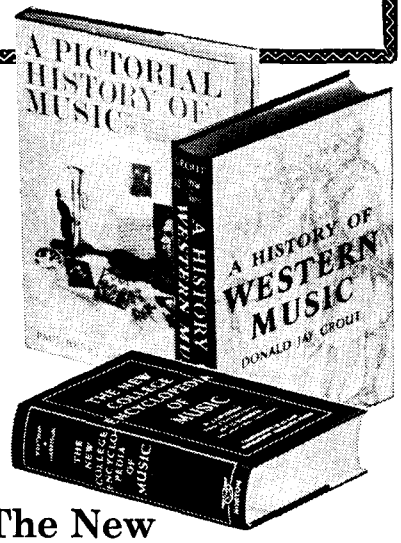

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

A NEW SCHIOTZ DISC

IT WAS A PLEASURE to read Jean Bowen's perceptive piece about Aksel Schiøtz ["The Schiøtz File," *SR*, Sept. 24], our well-loved great Dane, but I wish she had not taken the tone that he was someone gone and done with, because he most decidedly is not. In fact, he made a record for us just a month ago, which we will issue in November. It is a song recital, wherein he is accompanied in lieder of Brahms, Schubert, and Wolf by Paul Ulanowsky at the piano, and in three Carl Michael Bellman songs by Richard Dyer-Bennet on the classic guitar. Schiøtz is no longer a tenor, but rather a high baritone, and accordingly some of his old repertoire is no longer within his range. However, this still leaves him plenty of territory wherein to exhibit his extraordinary mastery of art-song style, which, if anything, has grown since he was first heard among us on records after World War II. . . .

JOHN M. CONLY,
Dyer-Bennet Records.
Great Barrington, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Let's have the record.*

POULENC A DEUX

DURING THE LAST several months I have noticed several letters in regard to the Poulenc Concerto for Two Pianos. On October 31 Capitol is issuing a new recording of this work with Whittemore and Lowe and the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Pierre Dervaux.

RICHARD C. JONES, Director,
Classical Artists & Repertoire,
Capitol Records, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

FLAKING AND TAPING

THERE IS NO BALM in Gilead that I know of that will stop Geoffrey H. Lloyd's old tapes from flaking off [*SR*, Sept. 24]. There was a period in the manufacture of some American tape when adhesion of the oxide to the plastic was imperfect. The only thing to do is to store the tapes, loosely wound, in airtight metal cans.

The tape recorder should be checked to make sure there is no sharp edge that is actually scraping the oxide off.

Tapes of later manufacture will not be subject to flaking, provided they are not abused. Store them in sealed metal cans for long periods of time. For short-term storage, keep them away from heat and, ideally, in an atmosphere of 50 per cent relative humidity. Good tape with acetate base should easily last fifty years if properly handled. As far as I know, Mylar should last forever and does not require humidification, since it does not contain any water.

I recommend that everybody using tape buy "Techniques of Magnetic Recording" (Macmillan, 1958) which answers many questions like that of Mr.

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OFF THE AIR TAPING

GEOFFREY H. LLOYD'S complaint about tape flakes causing him to lose five opera recordings has another side. He evidently made the recordings from AM radio, which cuts off at 10,000 cps and he now has the opportunity to replace them at full frequency from FM radio on modern tape.

I have compared the Met broadcasts on AM by simultaneously playing full-frequency recordings using high wattage with compatible speakers. It is surprising what the addition of the overtones, which are cut off in AM, adds to the impact and beauty of the music. This applies in particular to the conclusion of "Die Meistersinger."

Modern playback equipment with high wattage produces results that make AM broadcasts seem pale and thin.

JOHN SHERMAN.

Roanoke, Va.

CALL FOR "SAMSON"

ONE OF MY FAVORITE operas is "Samson and Delilah," and for the past several years I have been hoping that some record company might issue a complete recording of it.

Would you have any information regarding the possibility that a new and complete recording of "Samson and Delilah" might be available in the future?

EDITH SHAYESON.

Cincinnati, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All that is required is a company with a) a Samson and b) a Delilah.*

THE CALLAS "GIOCONDA"

ALTHOUGH I DO NOT usually write letters of this type, I was drawn to do so after reading Herbert Weinstock's recent recording review [*SR*, August 27]. As a usual admirer of Weinstock's ability, I was quite puzzled with his concern for Mme. Callas's dramatic outpour in such an opera as "La Gioconda." How does one even find dramatic characterization in such an opera? The drama of that work is clearly ridiculous and far below even the worst Italian standards.

Is Mr. Weinstock, who is so concerned with the will of the composer, saying that Callas is making "Gioconda" something better than it really is? It seems that when Hamlet said "The play's the thing" he could have meant "The opera's the thing," too.

For no matter how brilliant Callas may be as an acting Gioconda she can only be as good as the material. We can agree that Callas is blessed with a great talent for acting and singing at the same time. But does this make her so unique in a work like "Gioconda"? I can see such uniqueness in a character like Tosca or Violetta; but not in Gioconda.

The opera in question is a singers'

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opera, and it lives only because we have great singers (a few anyway) to sing it. A soprano like Zinka Milanov, who is hardly an actress, is a glorious Gioconda because she sings gloriously. Therefore, in this part, Milanov is at least as unique in her way as Callas in hers.

Another general element of a truly unique artist is that human quality which makes art less artifice. It is a quality that is hard to define; one must feel it. And although I have found much pleasure in Mme. Callas I must admit that she totally lacks this unique quality. This is a quality which one finds in such artists as Lehmann, Anderson, and Albanese.

RANDY SLOCUM.

Los Angeles, Calif.

COLON ON TAPE

I ENJOYED Mr. Kolodin's trip in South America through the pages of *SR* immensely, particularly the musical scene in Argentina (Teatro Colón).

He stated, in one of the articles, that the government sponsors the broadcasting of the musical events given at the Teatro Colón. Has this always been so (say, in the Forties)? Had recordings and/or tapes been made of the performances of Castagna, Milanov, etc., and kept in the archives of the house?

I have, for years, been trying to obtain, or to find out if it exists, Milanov's "Turandot." I would greatly appreciate any information you may care to pass on. Considering that Mme. Milanov is nearing the end of her career, I should think that those who have admired her art over the years (of which I number myself), would make an attempt at preserving those roles she has not essayed in the States or for commercial recordings.

D. L. BERTAGNA.

New Brunswick, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A query to the Colon would be the direct way to get the information.*

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Followed by Word O, author of "Knee-deep in June" (2 wds.).

B. Pretentious showing off; ostentatious behavior (colloq.).

C. Large, hairy, venomous spider.

D. A crayfish (Fr.).

E. Pupil of Michelangelo and Andrea del Sarto, protégé of the Medici, who is known for his lives of artists (1511-74).

F. State of being balanced.

G. Judgment against a plaintiff for failure to establish a prima facie case at the trial.

H. Smooth surface of plastering made by rubbing the mortar coat (2 wds.).

I. Rather ugly excrescences on certain trees (2 wds.).

J. Student of the scientific history of animals and plants.

K. Unstable (colloq.).

WORDS

159 78 130 181 44 98 10 88 112 147 55

116 172

15 1 115 192 158

85 132 145 171 81 155 103 187 178

38 165 47 58 87 184 67 146 117

31 95 16 124 75 118

94 28 50 39 100 36 113 96

72 102 110 139 29 188 122

142 169 8 41 76 71 185 60 120 2

49 156 57 13 106 65 125 153

194 34 20 64 107 69 90 27 157 53

4 138 104 127 163 109 136 177

DEFINITIONS

L. English anthropologist in Australia (1830-1908).

M. Art objects the little country girl should beware of in the big city.

N. Claim of the ersatz article (2 wds.).

O. See Word A.

P. Certain true drupes, of unusually small size (2 wds.).

Q. Making permanent bestowal.

R. Plane journey after dark (2 wds.).

S. Bryant's meditative poem, 1813.

T. Strong Confederate politician (1814-63).

U. Making conscious effort to surpass.

V. Giving out heat or incandescence.

W. Popular idea of the walrus, as fabled to climb by its teeth to the top of rocks to feed on dew.

X. Dotted.

WORDS

101 74 83 22 133 162

174 175 93 21 99 108 73 140

148 143 189 176 121 70

170 80 150 91 43

97 151 129 179 5 168 77 25 42 62

46 61 12 17 105 134 26 195

180 48 111 190 135 68 37 52 24 86 114

66 123 154 23 3 45 89 137 183 84 161

9 14 92 128 141 164

131 18 160 173 6 35 126 40 186

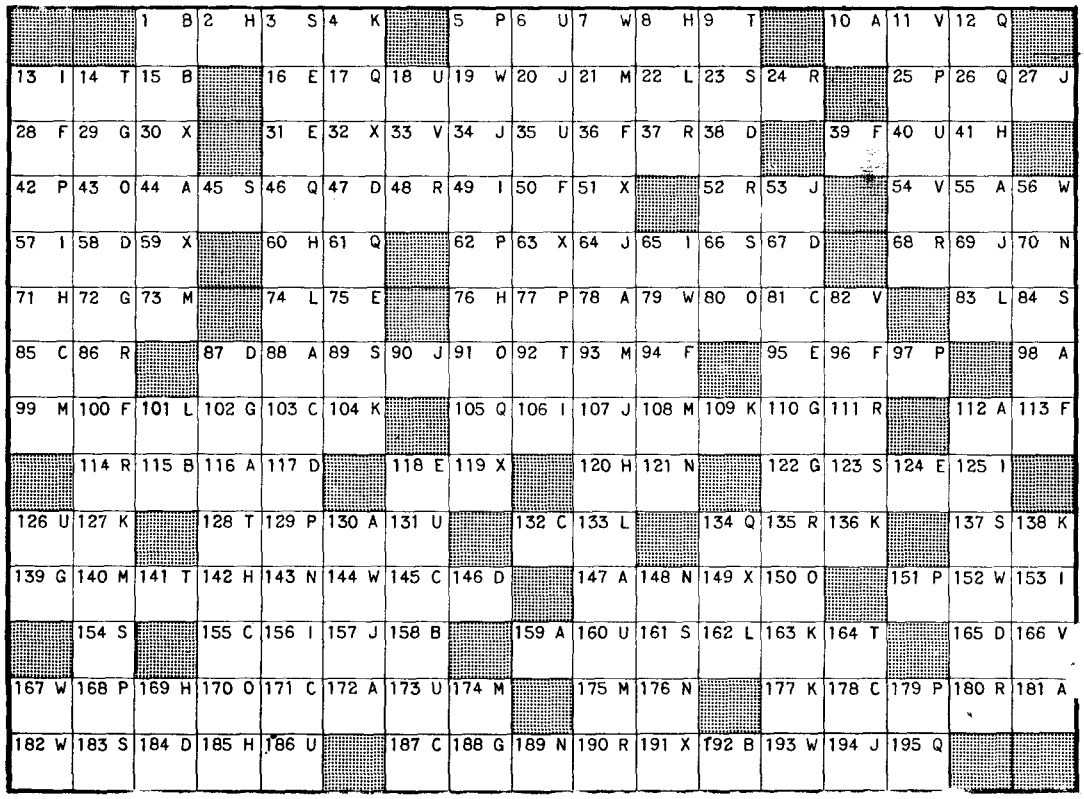
11 82 33 166 54

79 144 182 167 152 56 193 7 19

51 63 32 191 119 149 30 59

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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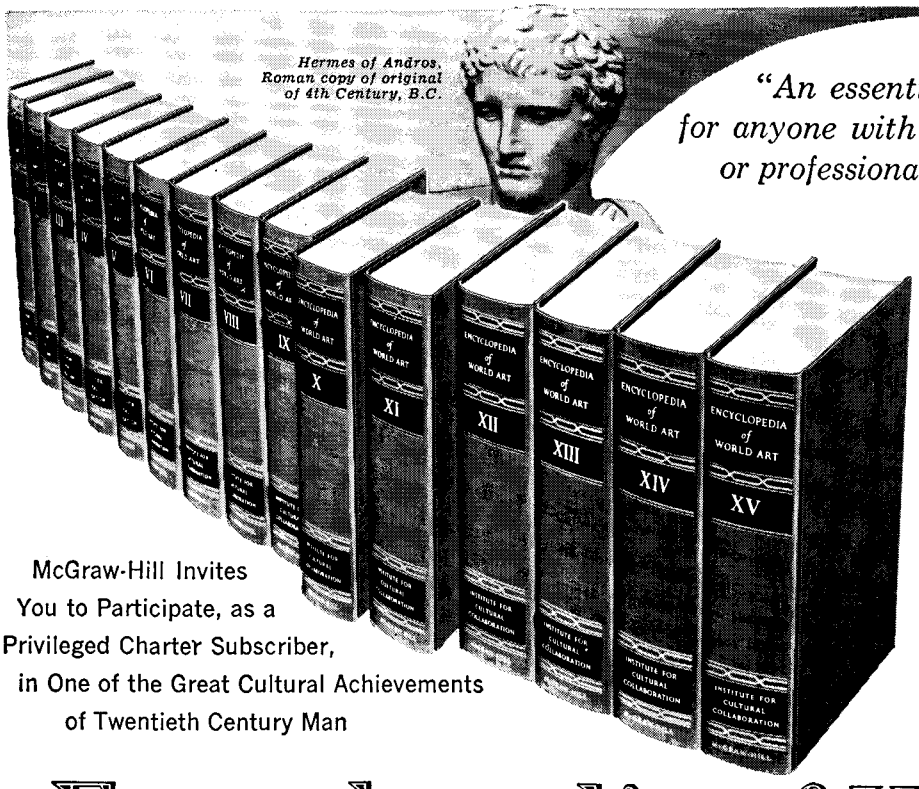

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